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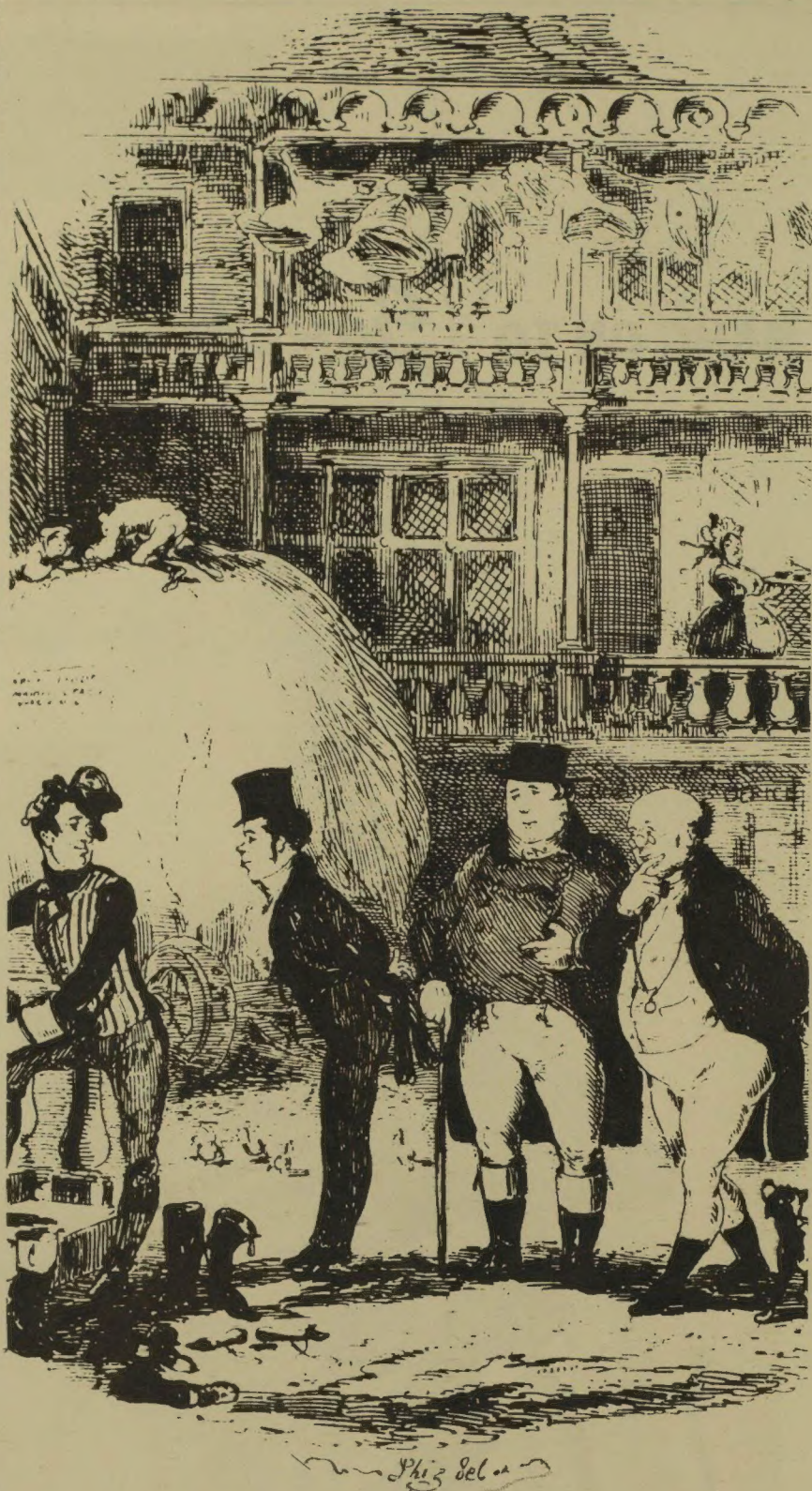


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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1953.



THE QUEEN IN TONGA: (TOP PHOTOGRAPH) QUEEN SALOTE (LEFT) GREETING THE QUEEN ON HER ARRIVAL.
(LOWER) THE QUEEN SEATED NEXT TO QUEEN SALOTE AT A GREAT FEAST OF ROAST SUCKING PIGS.

On December 19 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Tonga by air from Fiji. Queen Salote was on the jetty at Nukualofa to welcome the Royal visitors. Later, under shady palm-trees, they were the guests of honour at a great feast spread on banana leaves. There were roast sucking pigs, chickens, yams, sweet potatoes and other delicacies. Afterwards, Crown Prince Tungi, Queen Salote's eldest son, gave an address of welcome, and described the visit as a dream come true. The Queen and the Duke

spent the night in Queen Salote's Palace, guarded by Tongans who held aloft blazing torches. On Sunday, December 20, Queen Salote and her Royal guests attended a combined form of Divine Service at the Wesleyan Church. Later in the day the Royal couple bade farewell to Tonga—so aptly named the Friendly Islands—and embarked in the liner *Gothic*, which set course for New Zealand. When original photographs are received we shall give further illustrations of the Queen's visit to Fiji and Tonga. [Radio photographs.]



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A WEEK ago on this page I wrote of the comparative transitoriness of the contemporary social rites and festivities of Christmas. To-day it seems more fitting to write of the unchanging permanence of the religious beliefs underlying them. Those beliefs, discredited and assailed in some quarters and neglected in far more, lie at the root of the communal conception which we call England and of all our rather vague ideals for making the world a juster place and for bettering mankind's lot. At their innermost core lies the belief that on one winter's day in Palestine nearly 2000 years ago the Divine Spirit that pities, loves and governs the world entered human form to create in mortal flesh a being who was also the eternal and undying Son of God. Without that belief, so difficult for the modern mind to compass, it is well to remember there can be no Christianity and no meaning in Christmas. Without it and the belief that goes with it that through God man—a spiritual as well as a physical being—can be redeemed from death, there is no reason to rejoice at Christmastide and nothing but the most transient and doomed of pleasures at which to rejoice at all. It is no bad exercise in logic and in the capacity for facing harsh reality to square up to that fact—one that the modern intelligence usually tries to avoid. For without it all our attempts, perfect or imperfect, at virtue and nobility are meaningless and futile. What is the point of self-denial, self-conquest, love for others and service of them if we and they alike, and our children after us, are reserved for nothing else but the decay, corruption and extinction of the body? Neither Mr. Bevan's Health Services nor the B.O.A.C.'s speed services can save us from such extinction, though Mr. Malenkov's and President Eisenhower's mounting atom-bomb piles may a little hasten its hour. The Christian message of Christmas may not be true—and our mortal reason cannot by itself prove it so—but if it is not true, it requires no great exercise of reason to perceive the purposelessness of life, the mockery and futility of conscience and love, and the grim prospect before us and all we care for. Reject the miracle of Bethlehem and the only sensible philosophy for a man is: "Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die"; and: "Each man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost!" Force, fraud and luxury are the only alternative gods to the Divine Victor on the Cross. It is only because we, following in the well-trodden modes of thought of our Christian forefathers, have taken the optimism begotten of Christianity for granted that we fail to see the blackness of the alternative beyond the glittering candles of make-believe hope and pleasure around us. Our remote ancestors who lived in the treacherous, blood-stained, fatalistic world that Christianity so dramatically and heroically challenged, saw this much more clearly than we. "The life of man, O King," cried the old Northumbrian thane in Bede's story of the English Conversion, "is like a sparrow's flight through a bright hall when one sits at meat in winter with the fire alight on the hearth, and the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at one door and stays for a moment in the light and heat, and then, flying out of the other, vanishes into the wintry darkness. So stays for a moment the life of man, but what it is before and what after, we know not. If this new teaching can tell us, let us follow it!"

It is the sense of this miracle of Divine pity, of light out of darkness and hope beyond the grave, that informs all the oldest and most enduring expressions of the Christmas spirit. The giving and receiving of presents, the feasting on turkeys, plum-pudding and mince-pies, the candle-lit trees and crackers may be ephemeral; but the adoration of kings and shepherds before the humble Crib, the Mother's look of tender wonder, the rejoicing, celestial voices on the midnight air are eternally true and symbolic of mankind's deliverance from the grave:

A lovely rose is sprung
Out of a tender root,
As men of old have sung
From Jesse came this shoot,
And so a flower bright
Has bloomed in coldest winter
Even in the deepest night.

This little rose so holy,
Whereof Isaiah told,
Pure Mary, maiden lonely
Brought forth alone. Behold!
Through God's eternal might
A little child she bore us
Even in the deepest night.

About the time that these reflections appear there will be enacted in a Dorset village the annual celebration of the Nativity that Rolf Gardiner, and his wife—founder of the Springhead Estate, that heroic essay in land reclamation and social reconstruction—revived twenty years ago on an ancient Christian pattern once familiar throughout Europe. Here, in the former corn-and-sack room of an old mill, now restored as a dwelling-house and the headquarters of a busy, rustic community, occurs every Christmas a simple, spontaneous expression of man's faith in God's goodness and of gratitude for the miracle of the Incarnation. The actors and singers are the men, women and children of a rustic parish. The angels are little, solemn-faced girls who light candles round the Holy Crib, the shepherds, doing their homage with a stick-dance, boys from the neighbouring cottages and farms, the Kings of Orient, bearing their tribute, smallholders and estate workers. The proceedings usually start with the recitation of William Barnes's "The Shepherd of the Farm"—and how the simple Christian ceremony would have rejoiced the old pastor-poet's heart!—by the estate shepherd, a walking repository of Barnes's verse. The carols drawn from the musical heritage of every Christian land in Western Europe, are sung by a group of rustic musicians who, under skilled tuition, have become, through practice and hard work, one of the finest amateur choirs in modern England. The story of the play—if anything so simple, natural and spontaneous can be called by such a name—is built round the young Milton's beautiful "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity."

THE "CENTENARY" OF SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.



THE GREAT ACTOR-MANAGER THE CENTENARY OF WHOSE BIRTH HAS BEEN CELEBRATED A YEAR LATE: SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE AS JOHN JASPER IN "EDWIN DROOD" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, JANUARY 6, 1908—A PORTRAIT BY FRANK HAVILAND.

In the early years of this century there appeared in *The Illustrated London News* a series of studies by Mr. Frank Haviland of leading theatrical figures of the day; these included the portrait of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree which is reproduced above. On December 17 this year, the centenary of the birth of this great actor-manager was celebrated, but only a few days earlier it was revealed that most of the known sources of information were wrong and, in fact, Herbert Tree was born on December 17, 1852, as can be seen on his birth certificate at Somerset House or among the birth announcements in *The Times* of December 20, 1852. Sir Herbert Tree, who died in 1917, made his first professional appearance in London in 1876; in 1887 he became lessee and manager of the Haymarket Theatre, and in 1897 he moved to the new Her Majesty's Theatre, where his chief successes were in Stephen Phillips's poetical dramas, and in his splendid revivals of Shakespeare. Sir Herbert Tree's half-brother, Max Beerbohm, now aged ninety-one, is the well-known writer and caricaturist.

The Shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic
row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them
below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their
sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts
so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger
struck
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture
took
The air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs
each heav'nly close.

But for all the nobility of Milton's words and their fine rendering by the founder of Springhead—and it is an experience to hear them so well read—the faces of the rustic actors, the home-made mediæval dresses and, above all, the singing and magic of the carols are the heart and crown of the performance. Youth and age, past and present, art and husbandry, are blended and made one to the strains of that simple, glorious harmony:

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning
sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges
hung.

"It remains," in the words of the Springhead Christmas play's founder, "a rustic celebration, combining and harmonising Botticelli and Milton, Barnes, the Bible and the Carol Book, the Cotswold Morris and the Kings of Fontmell Magna!" And its common denominator and harmoniser, as of all the mysterious and otherwise inexplicable phenomena of life, is the memory of that far, ever-present, miraculous birth without which all man's works and hopes are unavailing and sealed only with despair:

O my dear heart, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy cradle in my spreit,
And I shall rock thee in my heart
And never mair from thee depart.

THE 12TH SESSION OF THE N.A.T.O. COUNCIL: DELEGATES OF THE 14 NATIONS.



THE DELEGATIONS OF THE FOURTEEN N.A.T.O. NATIONS AND THEIR SECRETARY-GENERAL AT THE COUNCIL MEETING ON DECEMBER 14—ALL L. TO R. (1) DENMARK: MR. R. HANSEN AND MR. H. C. HANSEN. (2) BELGIUM: GENERAL E. DE GREEF, MR. P. VAN ZEELAND, MR. A. E. JANSSEN. (3) THE NETHERLANDS: MR. C. STAF AND MR. J. W. BEYEN. (4) GREECE: MR. P. KANELLOPOULOS, MR. S. STEFANOPOULOS, MR. C. PAPA-YANNIS. (5) NORWAY: MR. N. LANGHELLE, MR. H. LANGE, MR. E. BROFOSS, MR. A. SKAUG. (6) LUXEMBURG: M. J. BECH, M. P. DUPONG, M. M. RASQUIN. (7) PORTUGAL: PROFESSOR P. CUNHA, PROFESSOR COSTA LEITE, COLONEL SANTOS COSTA, COMTE DE TOVAR. (8) ICELAND: DR. K. GUDMUNDSSON, MR. G. PETURSSON. (9) ITALY: SIGNOR A. ROSSI-LONGHI, SIGNOR G. PELLA, SIGNOR P. E. TAVIANI. (10) THE SECRETARY-GENERAL: LORD ISMAY. (11) TURKEY: AN UNIDENTIFIED MEMBER, PROFESSOR F. KOPRULU, M. FATIN ZORLU. (12) THE UNITED STATES: MR. HAROLD STASSEN, MR. G. M. HUMPHREY (SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY), MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES (SECRETARY OF STATE), MR. CHARLES E. WILSON (SECRETARY OF DEFENCE). (13) FRANCE: M. E. FAURE, M. R. PLEVEN, M. M. SCHUMANN. (14) CANADA: MR. B. CLAXTON, MR. L. B. PEARSON, AND MR. L. D. WILGESS.



THE BRITISH DELEGATION TO THE N.A.T.O. COUNCIL: MR. ANTHONY EDEN (CENTRE), FOREIGN MINISTER, WITH (LEFT) LORD ALEXANDER, MINISTER OF DEFENCE, AND (RIGHT) MR. DUNCAN SANDYS, MINISTER OF SUPPLY.

THE meeting in Paris on December 14 of the Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation was expected to consist primarily of an exchange of views between Ministers and a general stock-taking; but speeches on the first day by M. Bidault, the Chairman of the Council, Mr. John Foster Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, and Signor Pella, the Italian Prime Minister, revealed a state of considerable stress. M. Bidault implied that without suitable "counter-weights and guarantors" within N.A.T.O. many people might be tempted to abandon the European Defence Community (E.D.C.) "and seek shelter in the framework left to us by the past." Signor Pella announced that though his Government still supported E.D.C., it would be difficult for the Italian Parliament to ratify the treaty "while certain frontier questions remain unsettled." And Mr. Dulles stated that if ratification of the European Defence Community were not forthcoming soon, then the United States would be compelled to make "an agonising re-appraisal of its own basic policies." Later, at a Press Conference, Mr. Dulles said: "If the European Community is to be created, it will have to be created soon."

ARCHAEOLOGISTS WHOSE DISCOVERIES HAVE MADE THE PAST LIVE AGAIN IN THE PAGES



PROFESSOR EKREM AKURGAL
Director of the Archaeological Institute, Ankara University, Turkey. Associated with Dr. J. M. Cook in the excavations at Old Smyrna, and with modern archaeological developments in Turkey.



MILE MARGUERITE VAN BERCHEM
The daughter of a famous Swiss Orientalist, Max van Berchem. Responsible for the discovery and excavation of Sadrata, a lost medieval Islamic city in the Sahara.



MR. T. G. BIRBY
Assistant Keeper of the Prehistoric Museum, Aarhus, Denmark. The author of an article on the finds in a Danish peatbog of a Jutish battle like that in the "Morte d'Arthur."



THE REV. DR. JESUS CARVALLO
Director of the Prehistoric Museum of Santander, Northern Spain. The discoverer and explorer of a group of caves in Monte Castillo, containing numerous examples of prehistoric cave-drawings.



PROFESSOR BARON A. C. BLANC
Professor of Ethnology in the University of Rome. An old contributor to the paper, most recently writing in connection with Paleolithic cave drawings in Sicily and Neanderthal footprints in Liguria.



DR. KATHLEEN M. KENYON
Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and of the recent excavations at Jericho, in which the unique plastered skull-portraits were discovered, recently reproduced by us in colour.



DR. J. M. COOK
Until recently Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens, and most recently responsible, in association with Professor Ekrem Akurgal, for the excavations at Old Smyrna, on the Asia Minor coast.



MR. P. DIKAIOS
Curator of the Cyprus Museum, Cyprus, and closely associated with Dr. Schaeffer in the discoveries made in the ancient capital of the island, Enkomi-Alasia, especially the discovery of a "horned Apollo" statue.



MISS DOROTHY GARROD
Formerly Disney Professor of Archaeology, Cambridge. Concerned in many prehistoric excavations, but most recently (with Mile de St-Mathurin) in the discovery in central France of unique Magdalenian rock-colourings.



MR. M. S. F. HOOD
Recently appointed Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens. Responsible for some recent excavations in Crete, and more recently in the island of Chios (to be published in this paper).



MR. J. H. ILIFFE
Director of the Liverpool Museums and associated with Mr. T. B. Mitford in a recent series of excavations at Knidos, in Cyprus, the site of "Old Paphos."



PROFESSOR W. B. EMERY
Edward Professor of Egyptology in the University of London. A prominent Egyptologist, most recently responsible for excavations at Saqqara of a royal tomb of 5000 years ago.



DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY
Curator of the Corcoran Memorial Museum, Nairobi, Kenya, and responsible recently for the discovery in East Africa of the "Proconial" skull and many other prehistoric fossil animals.



MR. AHMET DOMNEZ
Assistant Director in the Museum and Antiquities Department, Ankara, Turkey. Associated with Dr. F. J. Tritsch in excavations in Lycia and the discovery there of a colossal head of Apollo.



DR. G. V. GENTILI
Inspector of the Department of Antiquities of Eastern Sicily, and most recently responsible for the uncovering of the astonishing Roman mosaics at Piazza Armerina, in Eastern Sicily.



MR. M. R. E. GOUGH
Of the Department of Classical Archaeology, University of Edinburgh. Recently associated with the uncovering of mosaics in Turkey and early Christian rock-cut churches in Asia Minor.



M. RENÉ JOFFROY
Keeper of the Museum of Châtillonnay-sur-Seine, France, and director of the excavations at Vix in which a remarkable Celtic chariot burial was recently discovered, with a huge bronze crests.



MR. B. B. LAL
Superintendent of the Department of Archaeology, India. Responsible recently for excavations at Hastinapura, near Delhi, revealing four superimposed cities of India's "Dark Age."

For many years now *The Illustrated London News* has covered with words and pictures those great archaeological discoveries—using the word "archaeology" in the widest sense—which have revealed and illuminated the historic and prehistoric past of mankind, and brought a new sense of human continuity throughout the numberless ages. But of recent years this policy has been intensified, and we believe that we can claim that we have done much to create a general interest in

archaeology and to make the past live for the man in the street, revealing to him the human interest of the work of the scholar and the excavator, and its enormous historical value. All the great discoveries of archaeology have been fully covered in this paper; and the great archaeologists, Egyptologists and anthropologists have themselves written of their discoveries in our pages. Out of so many it is perhaps invidious to name any single one; but we may perhaps recall the unique coverage

OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": RECENT CONTRIBUTORS, FROM MANY COUNTRIES.



PROFESSOR HOMER A. THOMPSON
Professor of Classical Archaeology, Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, and Field Director of the extensive American excavations of the Acropolis of Ancient Athens, which are still in progress.



PROFESSOR A. LEROI-GOURHAN
Director of the Centre of Prehistoric Research in the Musée de l'Homme, Paris; and excavator of the prehistoric site of Arcy-sur-Cure (occupied by man for 160,000 years).



PROFESSOR ANDRÉ PARROT
Chief Curator of the National Museums of France, and since 1934 Director of the French Expedition to the site of Mari, a Mesopotamian city dating back to the 3rd Millennium B.C.



MR. G. LANKESTER HARDING
Director of Antiquities, Jordan. An authority on the antiquities of the Jordan Valley, mostly recently associated with the discovery of early Biblical scrolls.



PROFESSOR M. R. DRENTH
Professor of Anatomy, University of Cape Town, and an authority on the anthropology and archaeology of South Africa. Recently associated with the discovery of the Saldanha Man remains.



PROFESSOR M. E. L. MALLOWAN
Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology, University of London, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, currently excavating the rich Assyrian site of Nimrud.



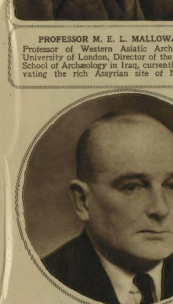
PROFESSOR D. TALBOT RICE
Professor of the History of Fine Art, University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Walter Trust Excavations in Istanbul, in which the Palace of the Byzantine Emperors has been uncovered.



PROFESSOR A. J. B. WACE
The holder of Professorial chairs in Archaeology at Cambridge and Alexandria, now a Member of the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. An excavator of, and authority on, Mycenaean.



PROFESSOR C. F. A. SCHAEFFER
Director of the Centre of Scientific Research, Paris; and leader of a number of French expeditions to Ras Shamra, in Syria, and Enkomi-Alasia, the ancient capital of Cyprus.



MR. T. B. MITFORD
Of the University of St. Andrews. Currently associated with Mr. J. H. Iliffe in a series of excavations at Knidos, Cyprus, of the Bronze Age walled city of "Old Paphos."



PROFESSOR AMÉDÉE MAIURI
Superintendent of the Antiquities of Campania, Italy. Responsible for the continuing excavations at Pompeii and, recently, for the discovery of the Roman "spa" of Baiae, on the banks of the River Liris.



DR. R. GHIRSHMAN
The Director of the French Archaeological Mission in Persia and field Director of excavations of the huge excavated and adjoining temples at Chogha-Zambal, at Susa.



MR. SETON LLOYD
Director of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara. An authority on Mesopotamian archaeology and recently director of excavations at Harran (Sultantepe).



DR. F. J. TRITSCH
Reader in Ancient History and Archaeology, University of Birmingham. Associated with Mr. Ahmet Domnez in excavations in Lycia and the discovery there of a colossal head of Apollo.



M. DANIEL SCHLUMBERGER
Director of the French Archaeological Delegation in Afghanistan. Discoverer and excavator of the Great Palace of Mahmud at Lashkar-i-Bazar, on the banks of the River Hindukush.



DR. T. PAPADIMITRIOU
Inspector of Antiquities of Attica and Argolis and Field Director of the current Greek excavations at the site of Mycenae, where many gold objects of art have been found.



SEÑOR ALBERTO RUZ
A Mexican archaeologist responsible for the recent excavations at the Maya city of Palenque, in Yucatan, and the discovery of a unique burial within a pyramid there.



DR. GEORGE MYLONAS
Professor of the History of Art and Archaeology, Washington University, St. Louis, U.S.A., and director of recent excavations at Eleusis concerning the tombs of the "Seven against Thebes."

which we gave to the discovery of the Tomb of Tutankhamun and to the late Mr. Howard Carter's articles on this subject. This tradition we still maintain, and since we believe that our readers are interested to see portraits of our contributors and to know what they look like, we have taken this occasion to publish here photographs of thirty-six of our more recent contributors on this subject. It may seem perhaps an arbitrary selection; but we have chosen, in

general, out of many, those who work in the field and so add to the general mass of material rather than those who analyze and rationalize what has been found; and we have made a choice to some extent to show how numerous are the nationalities of our contributors and from what diverse countries their discoveries are made; and that in fact our archaeological pages are indeed drawn from the four corners of the world to arouse a world-wide reader-interest.

THE TAMBUA OF FIJI: A SACRED OBJECT PRESENTED TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

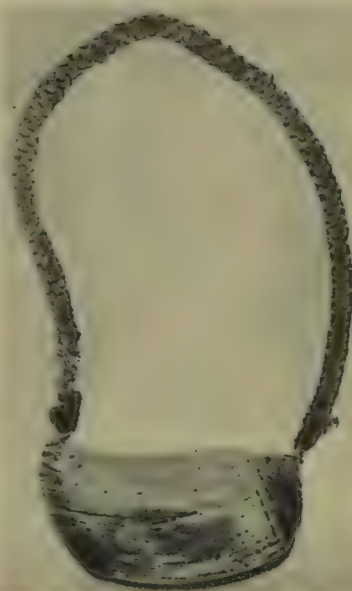


A FIJIAN DANCE BEING PERFORMED BY GIRLS FROM THE LAW ISLANDS: THE FINAL ACT IN CEREMONIES OF WELCOME TO VISITORS AT THE HOME OF SIR LESLIE SUKUNA.

from blemish, quality of surface polish and colour and good shape. The carrying-cord is attached through a hole, which tapers inwards to the middle on the older specimens, bored at both ends of the tooth. The finest carrying-cord consists of a four-row chain of coconut-fibre twine called sinnet, plaited into one cord from $\frac{1}{4}$ -1-in. in thickness. An interesting feature of the *Tambua* is the variety of names and symbols incised upon them. The names are of men, clans and districts to which a *Tambua* has belonged. The use of whales' teeth as *Tambua* is widely but erroneously believed to have begun during the early nineteenth century, but the actual practice of using *Tambua* symbols is an ancient one. The name *Tambua* is thought to have originated in the *tabu* or *tambu*, meaning forbidden and sacred when applied to any article or place. In pre-white times in Fiji the teeth could only be obtained when a whale was stranded. Mariner stated that the teeth were held in such high esteem that the life of a man was in grave danger, unless he was a great chief, even then if he was a foreigner, if he were known to have one about him. When the schooners caught so many whales the teeth became the generally recognised and widely used *Tambua* in all classes of Fijian society. The *Tambua* are treasured in a special basket in which a pebble, called *tinai ni tambua*, the mother of the *Tambua*, is placed to comfort it. The stone is oiled and polished, and the *Tambua* taken out and admired whenever the opportunity permits. A traditional procedure is followed in the presentation of *Tambua*. The chief or person presenting stands or kneels before the recipient, holding the tooth in one hand and the outstretched cord in the other, makes a short speech embodying his request, belittling the quality of the tooth, eulogising the character of the recipient, and expressing wishes that the latter, his people and their lands will prosper. Should the *Tambua* be accepted, the chief takes it in

When H.M. the Queen arrived in the S.S. *Gothic* at Suva, Fiji, on December 17, five Fijian chiefs went out to the liner and presented to her Majesty a whale's tooth on a cord. This ceremony, or invitation to land, has a special significance, and the whale's tooth *Tambua* has some interesting associations. In sending the photographs reproduced here, our correspondent, Mr. E. Samuel, of Sydney, writes:

THE Fijian tribes are magnificent specimens of humanity, hard-working and fine athletes. They adhere to their ancient customs and ideals and the *Tambua* or tooth of the sperm whale or cachalot plays an all-important part in their customs and traditional welcomes. In both Melanesia and Polynesia the natives have a concept of socio-religious value in which an intangible magical power called *Mana*, the source of life, skill and success, is symbolised in objects exchanged for various reasons. The whale's tooth *Tambua* of Fiji is an excellent example of these symbols. The teeth used vary in shape from slim to thick crescents pointed at one end, to thick teeth with a rounded or pyramidal end. In size they range from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins. long and weigh up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The majority of *Tambua* are rubbed and polished until the natural longitudinal grooves are either entirely eliminated or are left showing only at the butt end. Some of the teeth are pale cream in colour, others display the attractive yellowish shade or mottled surface of old ivory. The surfaces of some are stained to a patina in which yellow, orange and rich browns produce a beautiful marbled pattern. The intrinsic value of *Tambua* in the native's eyes depends upon size, the large ones being preferred, freedom



SHOWING THE KNOTTED CARRYING-CORD OF COCONUT-FIBRE: THE WHALE'S TOOTH *TAMBUA* OF FIJI, SIMILAR TO THAT PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN ON HER ARRIVAL IN THE *GOthic*.



WEARING A NECKLACE OF SPIKES CUT FROM WHALE'S TEETH: A FIJIAN LADY OF HIGH RANK.



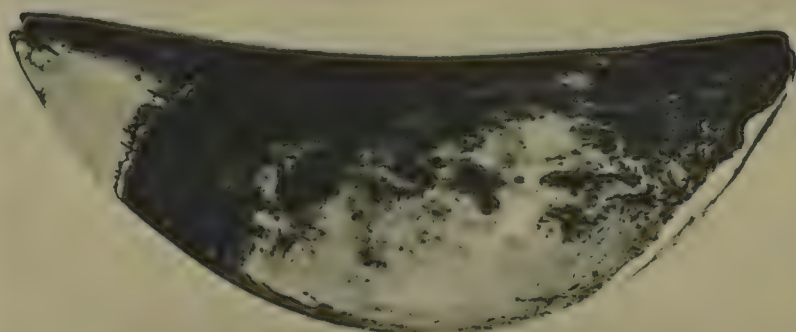
WORN BY MEN AND WOMEN OF HIGH RANK: A NECKLACE OF SMALL WHALE'S TEETH (TOP) AND (BELOW) A NECKLACE OF SPIKES CUT FROM WHALE'S TEETH.

Continued.

man and woman to be married, and both clans exchange them until the stock of one is exhausted. When a *Tambua* is offered it must not be touched unless the accompanying request is to be agreed to. The request, whether it be to murder, marry, to be generous or mean in any way, to grant permission or to refuse it, must be carried out. The only way in which an obligation so imposed can be avoided is by the return gift of a finer *Tambua*. The whale's tooth is, in effect, a symbol of a custom, the *Tambua*, which maintains integrity, by insisting upon the carrying out of obligations, in Fijian social and religious circles. The *Tambua* ceremony on the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh is the most important and historic ceremonial ever carried out in Fiji.

it, makes a very short speech of acceptance and passes the *Tambua* to his *Matanivanua*, or spokesman, who also rubs his nose on the tooth and replies at length in formal language. Roth said that the use of a *Tambua* will obtain success for a demand or request where all else fails, because it is a lasting, permanent sacred thing. For this reason, a *Tambua* seals a peace offering between warring communities, and the granting of permission to settle or plant crops on land belonging to a conqueror. It is a symbol of loyalty from a community or district to the ruling chief, and *Tambua* are presented to his successor when he dies. *Tambua* are sent as gifts of acquiescence to communities desired as allies in war, and they are given by a law-breaker's family or clan to atone for his crime. At the birth of her baby, the mother gives *Tambua* to certain friends to signify the taking in arms of the child. At the death of his wife a man gives her father a *Tambua*, and at the death of a high chief his people give large numbers of *Tambua* to his family as a mark of respect and sympathy. Visiting chiefs and nobles receive *Tambua* as gifts. In marriages *Tambua* are given by the bridegroom and his clan to the bride's clan and to her mother and friends; they are exchanged by the

[Continued below, left.]



NOW IN SYDNEY MUSEUM: A STAINED AND EVENLY-SHAPED *TAMBUA* PRESENTED TO A VISITOR BY KING THAKOMBWA OF FIJI IN 1862.



THE FIRST BALLOT IN THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES AS MEMBERS OF THE CONGRESS OF PARLIAMENT VOTED; WITH M. LE TROQUER PRESIDING.

On December 16 the French National Assembly and the Council of the Republic suspended their sittings, and on the following day met in the Palace of Versailles to elect a President of the Republic. In the first ballot there were eight main candidates, with M. Naegelen (Socialist), an opponent of E.D.C., heading the poll with 160 votes; M. Laniel (Independent Conservative), the French Premier, second with 155; and M. Bidault (M.R.P.) third, with 131. As an absolute majority is required, a second ballot was held, four of the candidates withdrawing from the

contest. In the second ballot M. Naegelen received 299 votes; M. Laniel 276; M. Delbos 185; and M. Bidault 143. It then became necessary, for the first time in the history of the French Republic, to hold a third ballot, which took place on December 18. This was also inconclusive and a further ballot was held the same evening; two more on December 19; and two on December 20, leaving the Presidential election still undecided after four days. It was arranged to hold the ninth ballot on December 21.

FROM THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR TO WORLD WAR II.

"A HUNDRED YEARS OF WAR"; By CYRIL FALLS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

CAPTAIN FALLS' account of "A Hundred Years of War" comes into a series which surveys the events, during the last hundred years, in the spheres of all sorts of things, from Psychology to Music. He summarises, though with many a brief felicity of phrase, a great many campaigns, from the American Civil War to the last World War. He cannot always, because of limitations of space, give a very full account of events; he is tenuous indeed about the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. But there are moments when he lets himself loose—as, for instance, when he proclaims Robert E. Lee as one of the greatest commanders in all human history—regarding individuals: and, throughout his narrative, he carefully notes every technical change which has been made in the supply and administration and equipment of armies in the field.

From war to war the reader is introduced to improvements. From chapter to chapter he can follow the developments with regard to artillery, rifles, and explosives; and the use of railways and motor-transport. He is conducted from country to country, from continent to continent; all the wars are "covered" and all the conduct of all the wars is intelligently criticised. Even these last wars of ours; but, at the end, after all his glimpses of wars now forgotten, Captain Falls is brought up short when he is faced with the future—all the old, honourable inhibitions gone and explosives invented by the curious scientists which might almost blow up the whole planet.

The emphasis, in most of his book, is always on the military aspects of war, that is what the book is about. But, as the publisher remarks, "the author never loses sight of that progressive decline throughout his period which makes modern war so deadly a menace." It is possible to suggest proximate cause for the degeneration in conduct which has so changed

his rich aunt), the shock in this country was so great that it was rallied more unitedly than it ever would have been rallied, had Belgium not been invaded, until the pistol was at our heads. Captain Falls quotes from a French author, writing only sixty years ago, and in a military text-book at that: "There exists, in truth, a law of war generally regarded as being in force, which forbids the destruction of the enemy because that is an act of barbarism; which condemns vengeance because it is odious; which teaches nations to limit war to reparation for an injury or the guarantee of a pledge; which forbids the infliction of useless sufferings; which decrees that war shall be waged loyally, with loyal arms; which condemns burning and devastation; which demands, in a word, respect for all the sentiments of humanity. . . . Hostilities have lost the character of violence of past times, and the application of the

NOTABLE EXHIBITS SHOWN AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.



"DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER"; BY F. SZCZESNY KWARTA. THE SITTER WAS AWARDED THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE FOR 1952. The paintings on view at the sixtieth annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, which was due to close on December 23, included those we reproduce. Dr. Albert Schweitzer was unable to attend at Oslo on December 10 to receive the Nobel Peace Prize for 1952 awarded to him for his work at Lambaréné, the Equatorial African Hospital and clinic which he founded. The French Ambassador accepted the award on his behalf.

right of the belligerent should always be governed by moderation. . . . The conquered have the right to every consideration; the conqueror ought to be generous, prisoners are brothers-in-arms whom the lot of conflict has betrayed; they should not be subject to any but good treatment. Goods should never become booty. Pillage is no longer permitted, not even as a reprisal. Wars of conquest are condemned by civilization."

Look on that picture and on this. Captain Falls writes, about our present age: "In part unnecessarily, owing to the recklessness of the modern State, in part inevitably, owing to the arming of whole nations for war and the type of weapons which science has put into their hands, the conduct of war has deteriorated morally. Scruples have been blunted; laws and conventions have been disregarded; indiscriminate slaughter has been encouraged; the rights of neutrality have been violated; and the works of art of century upon century have been destroyed without compunction. As a result, war to-day represents a more deadly menace to mankind and its civilization than it was a century ago. Then, civilization could absorb periodical warfare without suffering serious damage. Whether it can absorb periodical large-scale warfare now must be a matter of doubt." On a later page Captain Falls seems to be even less doubtful: "The methods by which war is waged to-day mark a reversion to the outlook of primitive communities or tribes which strove to exterminate each other. The modern form is the uglier because the cruelties of old were not the products of reflection, whereas those of to-day are carefully considered and planned. It is also the more dangerous to civilization itself since material civilization, because it has become more complex, has also tended to become more fragile. The stage has now been reached when civilization itself, as we now know it, might be ruined if submitted to the strain of another conflict on the scale of the Second World War."



CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Captain Cyril Falls, sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War in the University of Oxford, was born in 1888. Every week he writes on world and military affairs in *The Illustrated London News*; he is also Military Correspondent of *The Times*. He has written a number of books, including "The Man for the Job," "The Second World War" and "Elizabeth's Irish Wars."

The Atom Bomb is here; and the Hydrogen Bomb; the Cobalt Bomb, apparently, is coming. I remember, early in the war, listening to a speech of Winston Churchill's (he was then First Lord of the Admiralty) in which he said (I quote from memory) that

those submarines which were violating all the rules of the ancient comradeship of the sea by torpedoing merchant vessels without warning, and gunning their crews in the chill water, should be pursued "not without mercy, for I pray to God we shall never lose that, but with zeal and, if I may say so, with a certain amount of relish." I remember him saying later that "we shall not sink to their level." To their level we definitely sank—after all our protestations, during both wars, against promiscuous bombing of civilians, when the atom bombs were dropped upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There are men who think that the Japanese were beaten before those bombs were dropped. There are men who think that the destruction of Dresden, that most beautiful baroque town, was effected after the Germans were beaten. It is all ancient history now: what we are now facing are those Atom Bombs, probably projected by Rockets.

Captain Falls, aware of the sempiternal conflict between the spear and the shield, says that "since the sixteenth century it would be hard to find any period



"HIS HIGHNESS THE SULTAN OF PERAK, RAJA SIR YUSSUF IZZUDDIN SHAH, K.C.M.G., O.B.E."; BY A. K. LAWRENCE, R.A., R.P.

of fifty years at the end of which an army, with contemporary weapons and tactics, could not with ease have utterly destroyed an enemy with those of the start of the half-century." But what will be the answer to the latest weapons? I don't think he has one, and I doubt if anyone has. When I was young, people wrote books—Zola wrote one—describing the discovery of an explosive so devastating that the mere threat of it shook the whole world into peace: the weapon to end all weapons. Destructive implements beyond Zola's dreams have now been invented: they have been twice used: they are being improved upon: all powerful nations are now accumulating stores of them. If history were to progress in a tidy manner the answer to them would be found; and then some charming scientist would invent something still better, or worse. But before that answer comes a fleeting use of the weapons we now have might reduce all the great cities of the world to dust, disorganise all the organisations of armies and (assisted by bacteriological warfare) bring us back to the Dark Ages again, and the Feudal System, and the "ring of roses." This, to some, may seem fantastic. To my thinking, the only way in which to stop it must be the International Control of Atomic Energy. That means an agreement, to be honourably carried out, with the men in the Kremlin. Let us hope that the mental Iron Curtain may be penetrated.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1080 of this issue.



"SIR ADEBAYO ALAKIJA, K.B.E.," SOMETIME MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL AND LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF NIGERIA; BY WILL C. PENN, R.P.

the mental atmosphere—almost everybody's mental atmosphere, alas—during the last two generations. Every downward step (I refer only to the actions of the Western European nations, who used to lead the world) has been started by the Germans: and the Germans could never have become a major menace had they not been allowed to build a great Fleet including submarines; and they couldn't be stopped because modern British Governments are controlled by an enormous, ignorant, urban, industrial electorate. That's the pattern of the familiar argument; but it is all over spilt milk now.

"*Sed revocare gradus!*" It must be difficult for a young man to realise what were the standards and assumptions of those who matured before 1914. When I was young I had to make a cursory study of International Law. The thing seemed to exist: there were moot points, but on the whole it was neatly codified. It had no sanctions behind it except moral sanctions; but these were more effective than the physical sanctions which have been vainly striven after, and contemptuously ignored, since; and its compulsion was so strong that when, in 1914, a German Chancellor, speaking on behalf of a grandson of Queen Victoria, announced that a treaty was, after all, only "a scrap of paper," and that "necessity knows no law" (which might be urged by any hard-up nephew when poisoning

* "A Hundred Years of War." By Cyril Falls: Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War in the University of Oxford. Twenty Maps by B. G. Lewis. (Duckworth; 30s.)



A GOOD AUGURY FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE ATTEMPT TO RE-ESTABLISH REINDEER IN SCOTLAND: THE FIRST TWO CALVES BORN IN THE RESERVE, SHOWN EARLY IN MAY, WHEN A FEW DAYS OLD.

SANTA CLAUS' TEAM RE-INTRODUCED INTO SCOTLAND: THE ROTHLEMURCHUS EXPERIMENTAL HERD OF REINDEER.



SEEKING UNDER SNOW FOR THE MOSS ON WHICH THEY FEED: MEMBERS OF THE SCOTTISH REINDEER HERD. MOUNTAIN REINDEER, LIKE RED DEER, NORMALLY WINTER ON LOW GROUND.



BAMBI—A FOUR-WEEKS-OLD CALF BORN THIS SEASON IN THE ROTHLEMURCHUS REINDEER RESERVE, WHERE THE HERD IS NOW WELL ESTABLISHED.



A FIVE-YEAR-OLD REINDEER OX: WHEN QUITE YOUNG CERTAIN BEASTS ARE SELECTED AS BEING POTENTIALLY TEACHABLE, EITHER AS "LEADERS" OR AS DRAUGHT ANIMALS.



WITH MR. NICOLAUS LABBA, AN EXPERIENCED REINDEER HERD WHO ACCOMPANIED THE ANIMALS FROM NARVIK IN MARCH 1952: SAM, A THREE-MONTHS-OLD REINDEER CALF.

REINDEER, always depicted as pulling Santa Claus' Christmas sleigh, with its burden of gifts for the children, died out in Scotland some 700 years ago, but an attempt to re-establish both Forest and Mountain types is proving successful. A small batch was settled in Rothlemurchus Forest in the spring of 1952, and later reinforced with "immigrants" from Sweden. Mr. Mikel Utsi selected the animals from his own and other herds, and the Scottish herd has now settled down and calves have been born, while permission to move the animals to higher altitude summering grounds has been given, as the reserve lacks high summering pasture. The officials shown dosing a reindeer are Mr. Brotherston, the Director of the Reindeer Company; Mr. Shanks, the Head of the Veterinary Department, North of Scotland College of Agriculture, and Mr. G. A. M. Sharman, on the staff of the Veterinary Investigation Laboratory, Inverness. The experiment is being supervised by the Reindeer Council of the U.K.



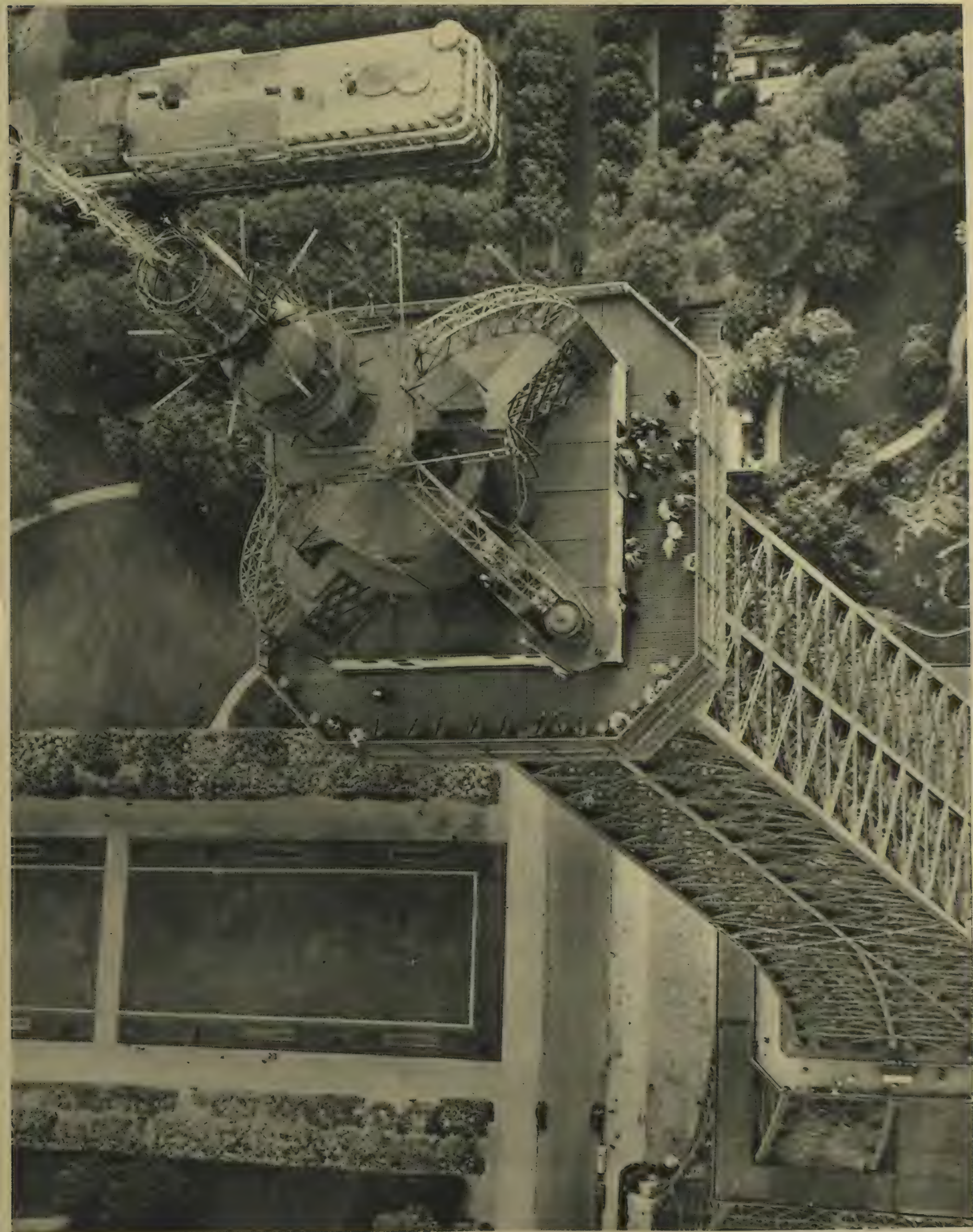
DOSING A REINDEER WITH A SOLUTION OF COBALT TO COUNTERACT MINERAL DEFICIENCIES IN THE SOIL: MR. W. BROTHERSTON, MR. P. L. SHANKS, MR. G. A. M. SHARMAN AND MR. UTSI, ORIGINATOR OF THE PROJECT. (L. TO R.)



LOOKING UP : A GROUP OF AMERICAN SKYSCRAPERS SEEN FROM AN UNUSUAL ANGLE.

Such a view as this of the Rockefeller Centre, New York, could seldom be seen for any length of time without the spectator getting a stiff neck, but here the camera has succeeded without involving any pain. This unusual photograph appears to be a montage of several shots; actually, it is a single stationary shot taken with an 8 by 10 camera fitted with a Goerz 90-mm. ($3\frac{1}{2}$ ins.) "Hypergon"

lens, angle of view about 110 deg. The camera was placed in the Lower Plaza of the Rockefeller Centre, just below the statue of *Prometheus* (foreground) and pointed straight up. In the centre is the R.C.A. Building and, in clockwise order, starting at the left, are the *Time and Life* Building, La Maison Française, the British Empire Building, the International Building and the Associated Press Building.



LOOKING DOWN : A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A FAMOUS PARIS LANDMARK.

As a rule, the people who climb the 985 ft. of the famed Eiffel Tower do so in order to get an unrivalled view of Paris but, in this case, the presence of a helicopter, from which this photograph was taken, has caused them all to look up. No one is using the telescopes provided; one person can, in fact, be seen on the left of the picture taking a snap of the helicopter! Such a rare view as this

of the Eiffel Tower was taken with a camera fitted with a 5 by 4 plate and a 5½-ins. Ross lens, which has an angle of view of 63 deg. The Eiffel Tower was opened during the World's Fair in Paris, 1889, and King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, with members of his family, were the first persons, apart from engineers and workmen, to take the lifts to the top of the Tower.

CHRISTMAS is associated with man's hope for peace. Milton, in his poem on the Nativity, describes how "meek-eyed Peace" was sent down to earth on that occasion:

And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace
through sea and land.
No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng.

The yearning of mankind for peace is concentrated at this season above all others. Peace is not universal now. In districts of Kenya, for example, the feast must be celebrated this year with arms more deadly than the spear and the hooked chariot close to the hands of the feasters.

Yet peace is more widely spread, and at least immediate hopes of its continuance are rather brighter at this Christmas than has been the case for several years. The actual state of affairs all can see with their own eyes. The state of the world has clearly become more peaceful, even though parts of it are being stained by bloodshed and nations are supporting great armaments, in fear and danger of war. The prospects of the future are less clear. To the average individual without special knowledge, however, they have lately seemed to be improving. This view has had the support of some leaders who do possess special knowledge, all the knowledge which it is possible in the circumstances to obtain. Among them are the Prime Minister on the political side and Field Marshal Lord Montgomery on the military. Both have said that the situation has improved. Neither, I think, has ventured to look very far ahead. They have not prophesied that war between the great opposing forces which beset the globe will not take place. They have spoken of an immediate improvement, a breathing-space. While we must look far ahead as well as a short distance, even the span of the short distance was so menacing that the first task and the first survey had to be devoted to it.

Nevertheless, the menace of a world in arms has assuredly not been removed. Those who are called in a special sense "pacifists" have one good argument in their favour: nations become to some extent enmeshed and imprisoned in their own armaments. Heavily armed opposing forces become, as it were, charged with electricity. A world in arms is apt to fight. If this undoubted fact is used as an argument in favour of unilateral disarmament it is illogical. Arms may be the only preservative of peace or the only means of avoiding conquest and oppression without the possibility of resistance. There is good reason to suppose that, if the prospects of peace have improved, this has been largely, if not wholly, due to the measures which the democratic nations have taken to defend themselves. Had they not done what they have, the cause might already have been lost. The respect in which they are held is in great measure due to their increased strength. In such matters it is impossible to give chapter and verse, but it can be said that this is the prevailing view among the instructed in our country.

This month, the month of Christmas, one step has been taken which is at the worst well-intentioned and may prove of positive value. The Russian Note of November 26 was answered by the United Kingdom, the United States and France, whose leaders were then in conference in Bermuda, by identical Notes on December 8. They said that they were glad to learn that the Soviet Government was now prepared to take part in a meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the four States. They expressed the hope that the meeting would contribute to the reunification of Germany in freedom and to the conclusion of an Austrian State treaty, settlements which they were confident would contribute to the solution of other international problems, including that of European security. They also took note of the desire expressed by the Soviet Government to discuss the possibility of a five-Power conference (including Communist China), and stated that the forthcoming meeting of the Foreign Ministers would provide an opportunity for any participating Government to put forward its views on this subject.

While the President of the United States was beginning this conference at Bermuda he was invited by the Secretary-General of the United Nations to address the General Assembly in New York. His speech was delivered on the afternoon of December 8, the same date as that of the identical Notes to Russia. Its subject was in the main one that, more than any other, is at present perplexing and threatening the world: the "awful arithmetic" of atomic power. In order to give his hearers a notion of the rapidity with which atomic weapons had been developed, General Eisenhower pointed out that forty-two explosions had been made by the United States since the first test on July 16, 1945. He said that atomic bombs of to-day were twenty-five times as powerful as those with which "the atomic age dawned." He said that the United States had, in a stock which was always growing, many times the explosive equivalent of all

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

CHRISTMAS AND PEACE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

bombs and all shells from every aircraft and every gun in every theatre throughout the years of the Second World War. He added that atomic weapons had now become almost conventional in all the American armed forces.



THE FIRST CADET IN THE HISTORY OF THE R.A.F. COLLEGE AT CRANWELL, TO GAIN ALL THE MAJOR AWARDS: SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER L. A. JONES, WHO IS SEEN HERE SHOWING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO HIS FATHER, MAJOR B. H. JONES.

On December 15 Flight Cadet Senior Under-Officer L. A. Jones, of Crawley, Sussex, received the Sword of Honour—as the best all-round flight cadet—and the silver Queen's Medal—for obtaining the highest aggregate of marks in all subjects—from Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson, Chief of the Air Staff, at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire. Air Chief Marshal Dickson took the salute at the passing-out parade of the 60th Entry of flight cadets of the General Duties, Equipment and Secretarial branches. Senior Under-Officer Laurence A. Jones, who is twenty, gained six prizes, and is the first cadet in the history of the College to gain all the major awards.



PRIZEWINNING APPRENTICES AT THE R.A.F. NO. 1 SCHOOL OF TECHNICAL TRAINING AT HALTON: (L. TO R.) CORPORAL APPRENTICE J. HUNT, OF HONITON; LEADING APPRENTICE A. H. KHOKAR, OF PAKISTAN; AND CORPORAL APPRENTICE P. R. DAUGHTRY, OF CROYDON.

On December 15 Air Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle, A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, took the salute at the Graduation Parade at the R.A.F. No. 1 School of Technical Training at Halton, Buckinghamshire, and presented awards to prizewinning apprentices from the 67th Entry. Our photograph shows Corporal Apprentice J. Hunt with the Pioneer Trophy awarded for the highest marks in all technical training subjects (this trophy was awarded for the first time); Leading Apprentice A. H. Khokar is holding the Azhar Memorial Shield awarded to the best Pakistan apprentice; and Corporal Apprentice P. R. Daughtry with the Quinton Memorial Trophy awarded to the best ex-A.T.C. cadet passing out on the course. This last trophy was subscribed for by the Air Training Corps to commemorate the gallantry of Flight Lieutenant J. A. Quinton, who gave his life to save an A.T.C. cadet after an air collision.

The secrets, however, did not belong to the United States only. They were shared by the United Kingdom and Canada, both of which had made a great contribution to the original discoveries. They were also known to the Soviet Union, which had in recent times exploded a series of atomic devices. Although the United States possessed, as a result of its early start, a great quantitative advantage, it had to be realised that knowledge shared by four nations would

eventually be shared by others. In the second place, even a vast superiority in weapons, and consequently in power to retaliate with devastating effect, was not in itself a preventive against the fearful effects of a surprise aggression. Nor could it be supposed that any programme of warning and defence systems could guarantee absolute safety for the cities and citizens of any nation.

Were an atomic attack to be launched against the United States, the reaction would be swift and vigorous. To stop at that conclusion would, however, be to subscribe to the hopeless belief that "two atomic colossi" were doomed to eye each other indefinitely across a trembling world.

General Eisenhower then spoke of the agreement to meet the Soviet Union. He laid emphasis on the hope expressed in the official statement issued after the Bermuda Conference that the settlement of the German and Austrian questions would contribute to peaceful relations. He went on to recall the recent resolution of the General Assembly that the Disarmament Commission—which has been almost forgotten of late, owing to its lack of power to accomplish anything useful—should consider the appointment of a sub-committee to seek in private an acceptable solution and report to the General Assembly and the Security Council by September 1 next. He stated that his country was prepared for private meetings with other countries principally involved, in order to seek an acceptable solution to the atomic armaments race. He then made the proposal that the Governments of such countries should from now on make joint contributions from their stocks of uranium and fissionable material to an inter-allied agency, which would devise methods by which this material could be allocated to serve the peaceful pursuits of mankind.

Some people may feel doubt about the possibility of establishing such an international agency or that of making it effective if it were established. The experience of earlier projects which concerned atomic material has not been happy. Nor has the much wider and even sensational project of the United Nations itself, which was to have remedied the faults of the League of Nations but has so far proved an inferior substitute. It is not easy to start agencies for peace and it is still less so to make them work and prevent them from becoming whitened sepulchres when they are started. And, though an agency of the sort suggested by the President might make a contribution to peace, it could hardly reach the heart of the matter. To say this is not to voice the hopeless belief against which General Eisenhower protested. The truth is that every scheme for easing the tension is confronted from the start by a formidable barrier of difficulty, suspicion, and ill-will. This applies to the proposed meeting as well as his scheme.

On the other hand, the whole spirit of the speech, and in particular the references to relations with Russia, was promising and refreshing by contrast with the rather chilly terms to which we have become used in negotiations between the "two atomic colossi." "We will never say that the people of Russia are an enemy with whom we have no desire ever to deal or mingle in friendly and fruitful relationship. On the contrary, we hope that this conference may initiate a relationship with the Soviet Union which will eventually bring about a free intermingling of the peoples of the East and the West—the one sure, human way of developing the understanding required for confident and peaceful relations." The President left no doubt in friendly minds as to where he stood. What will be the effect of his address on unfriendly minds, which is a matter of more importance, cannot be divined at the time of writing, except that Mr. Vyshinsky described it as "important." He then obviously awaited instructions from Moscow.

No quick solution will be found. The four-Power meeting cannot hope to reach a complete one. The President's proposal may not even be tried and may fail if it is. The world has got into such a state that it can not hope to emerge from it speedily or easily. Yet it will be something, even a great deal, if the search for expedients is carried out sincerely and with determination. We do not know whether there exists reason to expect that from the other side. This is a relatively new feature in international relationships because it was much easier before the days of Communist Governments to divine the true intentions behind negotiations. So all that can be said is that the action of the President of the United States is a step in the right direction. He spoke for peace to the General Assembly. Only a warped interpretation of his words can make them seem inspired by anything but a genuine desire for peace.

The commentator writing on these events at this season is tempted to colour them unduly with optimism. I have tried to do so. I wish that I could honestly write a more glowing appreciation of the prospects this Christmas. Yet every sign of improvement is something to be thankful for, and this is at least a small gift. Let us hope that it will prove to be a truthful sign and that it will be followed by further efforts to relieve mankind from the risk of the most appalling disaster which has overhung it in modern times. That is a suitable hope for the Christmas season.

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS JUBILEE EXHIBITION AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.



COPIES OF INSTRUMENTS USED BY THE WRIGHT BROTHERS: AN AIR-SPEED INDICATOR (LEFT) AND A HEIGHT-RECORDER, OPERATED UNDER THE SAME PRINCIPLES AS AN ORDINARY BAROMETER.



ANOTHER AIR-SPEED INDICATOR (LEFT) AND AN INCLINOMETER, USED AS A GUIDE BY THE WRIGHT BROTHERS TO MAINTAIN THE AIRCRAFT IN LEVEL FLIGHT. (COPIES.)



THE ORIGINAL WIND-TUNNEL USED BY THE WRIGHT BROTHERS: THE DATA OBTAINED FROM THIS TUNNEL CONSIDERABLY HELPED THE BROTHERS WHEN CONSTRUCTING THEIR BIPLANE.

On December 15 a special exhibition opened at the Science Museum, London, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the first successful powered flight, made by the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1903. Above we illustrate some of the instruments to be seen at the exhibition, which are copies of those used by the brothers in the *Flyer*, the biplane which made the momentous flight, together with a photograph of the original wind-tunnel so helpful in the



A PIECE OF THE ORIGINAL FABRIC FROM THE *FLYER* OF 1903 (LEFT) AND A COPY OF THE FUEL TANK, CAPACITY 0'33 GALLONS, USED IN THE BIPLANE.



COPIES OF THE STOP-WATCH AND DISTANCE RECORDER (LEFT) USED TOGETHER AS AN AIR-SPEED INDICATOR, AND OF THE CYCLOMETER USED AS AN ENGINE REVOLUTION INDICATOR.

paintstaking experiments the brothers conducted. Also on view at the Museum are models, books, diagrams and aeronautical relics illustrating some of the contemporary ideas on powered flight by a man-carrying machine held by the flying pioneers of those early days. The many hazards faced by those pioneers are strongly emphasised by an interesting display of photographs. The exhibition will remain open for about three months.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



LILY of the Nile;
Arum Lily;
White Arum; Calla;
Trumpet Lily; or
Pig Lily. You can
take your choice.
But if you wish to be
understood by your
florist, your nursery-
man, your bulb merchant, or your garden staff, you
had better refer to Arum Lily.

Before setting out to write about this popular old favourite, I looked it up in one or two authorities. First I gave myself the pleasure of looking in Robinson's "English Flower Garden"—a pleasure because the wood-engraving illustrations, in my rather early edition—the twelfth—are so beautiful, so supremely good, and because, too, the specialists who wrote most of the text knew their subjects and wrote practical, sound sense. Robinson calls the plant *Richardia* (*Calla*) *æthiopica* (Lily of the Nile), and says: "This name has been accepted by botanists for the last three-quarters of a century, although it is not generally used by gardeners." He adds: "It is emphatically a Cape plant, and is not found within 1000 or so miles of the Nile."

Next I consulted Mr. E. A. Bowles' "My Garden in Summer." Mr. Bowles is always informative, entertaining and accurate with plant names. Accurate, that is, at the time of writing. He calls the plant the White Arum, *Richardia africana*, and tells how he grows it as a hardy outdoor aquatic by planting it at the deeper end of his pond where its roots are always below freezing line. Lastly, I turned to the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening." One is, of course, thankful to have this great work to refer to for up-to-the-minute information and nomenclature. But try as I will (to tell the truth, I don't try), I can not help being irritated—often exasperated—by the illustrations, so many of which look as though they had been drawn with a post-office pen on post-office blotting-paper. But I must take a firm hold on myself, lest before I can say "naïf," this irritation become a phobe, a mania, and a bore to my readers. In the "Dictionary" I find that *Calla* or *Richardia* has been sent right to the bottom of the class among the Z's as *Zantedeschia* (in honour of Giovanni Zantedeschi, 1773, Italian botanist and physician). Apparently *Zantedeschia æthiopica* (alias Pig Lily) was erroneously called *Calla* by Linnaeus. In 1818 Kunth proposed a new genus *Richardia* to accommodate it. But the name *Richardia* had already been used for a genus in an entirely different family, so Pig Lily was renamed *Zantedeschia*, which is now its correct botanical name. If you don't believe me, let me refer you to an account of the genus by H. P. Traub, which was published in *Plant Life*, 4 (1948); 8-32 (1949).

Poor old Pig Lily—for that was the name by which I knew it at the Cape fifty or so years ago—what a chequered career it has had. It grew there, a wild native, in great abundance, especially in ditches and swampy places, and it got its vernacular name, Pig Lily, because pigs greatly relish its fleshy rhizomes. I was told at the Cape that among farmers a good piece of swampy ground was considered a valuable asset. A herd of pigs could be turned in to fatten on the Pig Lily roots. They would be taken out before they had too far exterminated the Lilies, and the swamp was then left to recover, so that the plants could increase again, ready for another generation of pigs. I never actually saw this done, but I believe it was a fact, and so the origin of the name Pig Lily.

PIG LILIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

The ordinary Pig Lily, *Z. æthiopica*, is far too well known to need description here. But what is not so well known is the fact that it may be grown as a hardy outdoor aquatic. Planted in a pond or pool at such a depth that frost and ice can never reach down to its roots, it will flourish far more happily and luxuriantly than it ever does when grown in pots with glass protection. The depth of water necessary to insure immunity from frost varies greatly, of course, according to locality. In climates like those of Cornwall

available pond is too shallow for safety, the Pig Lilies might be planted in a box of good soil and lowered into the pond in spring and lifted out in autumn to be dried off and stored for the winter in some frost-proof place.

A few years ago I was given a dwarf form of the Pig Lily (I prefer Pig Lily to *Zantedeschia*, it's so much easier in every way, and apparently more stable) which I take to be the variety known as *Z. æthiopica* "Little Gem," or *compacta*, or *minor*. It came to me as a hardy plant, which could be grown quite easily and safely in ordinary garden loam in the open air. I therefore planted two clumps of it in a bed of very stony soil facing full south, and there it has flourished and flowered and survived two winters without any protection whatever. The leaves die down, or perhaps I should say are killed down, by frost each autumn, but so far, at any rate, the plants have erupted each spring, none the worse for their spartan trial.

At about the time that I was given my dwarf Pig Lily, I bought a plant or two of an extremely pretty arum with flowers of a clear, soft yellow, under the name *Arum creticum*. In general effect it was not unlike the dwarf Pig Lily, except for the colour of the flowers. Both grow about 18 ins. high. I planted this arum in a raised bed at the foot of a wall facing east, which I hoped would suit it well. But to my great disappointment, it died. Just failed to come up one spring. This failure was not due to its not being reasonably hardy. On the nursery from which I bought it, which is not very far from where I live, I knew it to have flourished in the open without any special protection for several years. I must try again, and give it a different soil and aspect. More shade perhaps, and possibly a softer, more genial soil. Meanwhile I feel a trifle shaken about *Arum creticum*, which the R.H.S. "Dictionary" describes as having flowers pale green in the tube, and "whitish" in the "blade"—that is, the main expanse of the spathe or flower. Perhaps this "whitish" means the same thing as the "dirty white" which the "Dictionary" gives for *Symphyostemon narcissoides* (syn. *Sisyrinchium odoratissimum*). The flowers of *Symphyostemon* are definitely cream, with nothing dirty about them, whilst the Arum which



THE PIG LILY IN ITS PRIDE: THE ARUM OF A THOUSAND BOUQUETS AND MANY SYNONYMS—NOW "SENT RIGHT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CLASS AMONG THE Z'S" AND CALLED *ZANTEDESCHIA ÆTHIOPICA*; AND RECOMMENDED IN THIS ARTICLE BY MR. ELLIOTT AS A HARDY AQUATIC PLANT.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

and the West Coast of Scotland, it would doubtless be safe in very shallow water, whilst in the Midlands a depth of a couple of feet or so might be necessary. It is a matter for local experiment, and it is an experiment well worth making, for an established colony of Pig Lilies in full leaf and flower can be a very fine sight indeed, and one which is all too seldom found in gardens. In very cold districts, and where the only

came to me as *Arum creticum* is a clean, pure light yellow, what one might call canary and cream. But then my plant may not be *A. creticum*, but some entirely different species. It's all very difficult! Perhaps the happier way would be to grow plants without bothering too much about their names. After all, a Pig Lily by any other name would be just as odourless. And yet if one is going to garden at all seriously, it is necessary to keep abreast with plant names as far as one knows how, and as one reasonably can, if only to enable one to tell friends what one's plant treasures are, and to enable one to order plants, seeds and bulbs from nurseries. But the confusion that exists among plant names is terrible, often exasperating. The botanists are doing their best to sort matters out, and get the scientific names of plants finally fixed, once and for all. But meanwhile their best efforts lead to, at any, rate temporary confusion which is greater than ever, whilst all but the very latest text-books on gardening and botany are completely incorrect and misleading according to the latest rulings. As I said before, it's all very difficult.

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ROMAN AND MEDIÆVAL FEATURES OF ST. BRIDE'S, THE WREN CHURCH WHOSE REBUILDING IS SOON TO START.



THE TILED MEDIÆVAL FLOOR—ONE OF THE FINEST IN LONDON—OF THE CURFEW TOWER OF ST. BRIDE'S, REVEALED DURING THE PRESENT EXCAVATION, SOUTH OF THE PRESENT NAVE. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A CORNER COLUMN.

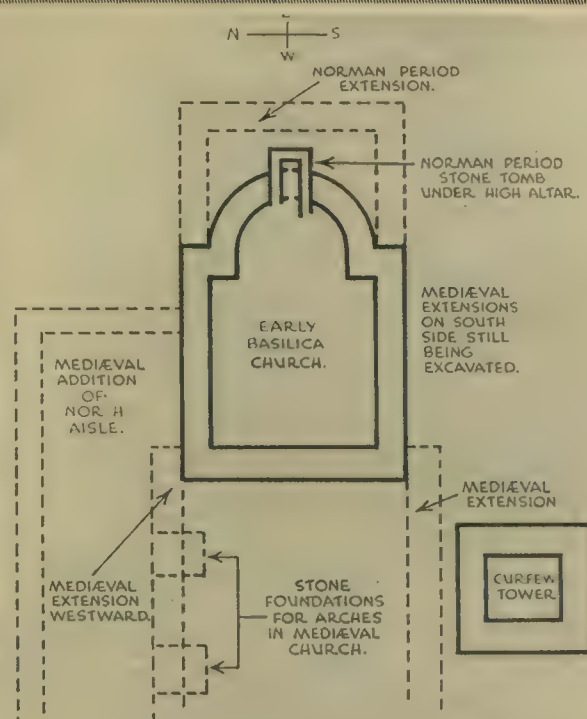


A BRICK TOMB (CENTRE) CUT INTO THE NORTH WALL OF THE NORMAN CHURCH WHICH SUCCEEDED THE BASILICA ON THE SITE OF ST. BRIDE'S. ABOVE CAN BE SEEN A FLYING ARCH BUILT BY WREN TO PROTECT THE CRYPT.

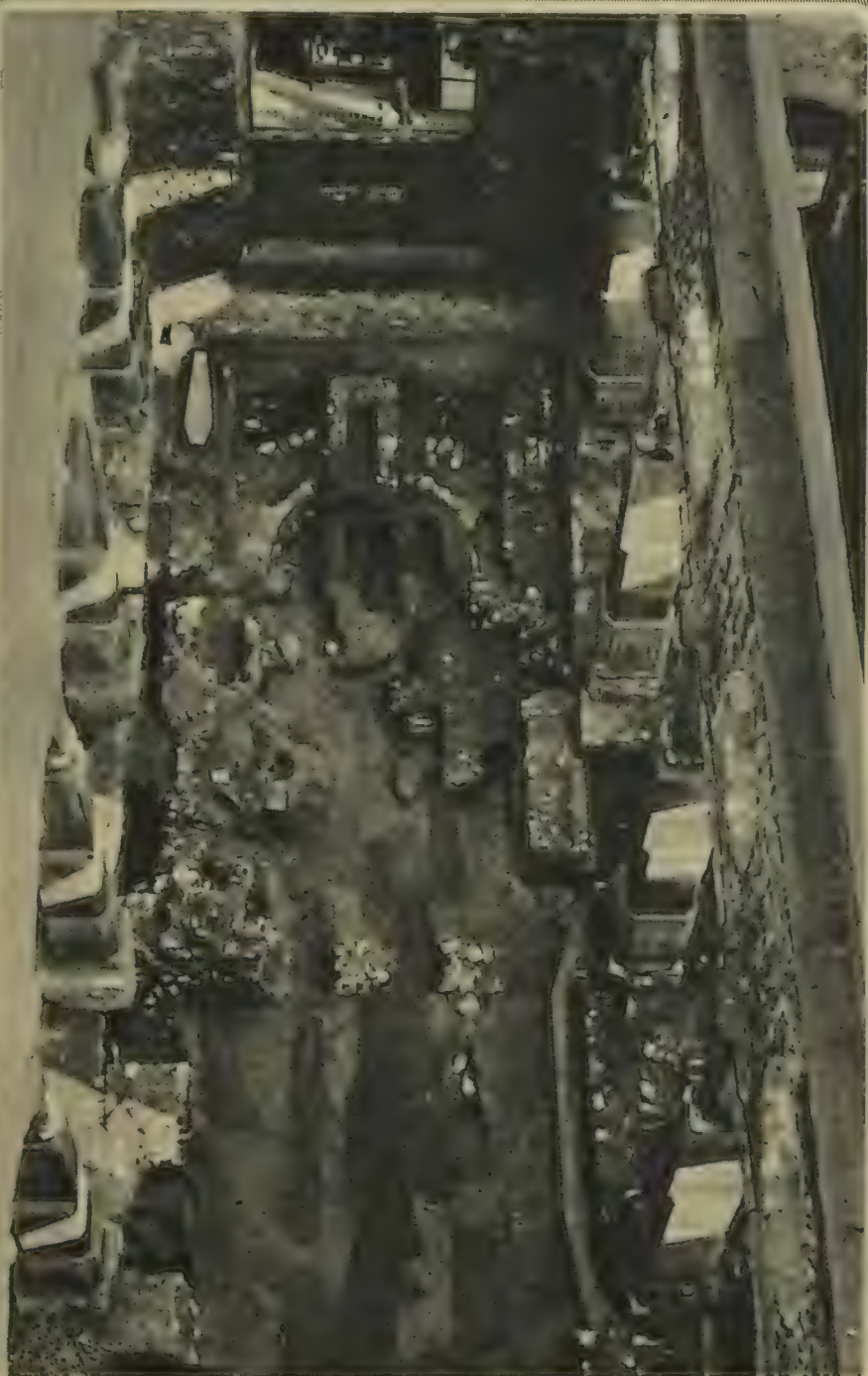


AMONG THE MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES AT ST. BRIDE'S: A GROUP OF STONE COFFINS, ONE COVERED WITH TILES, FOUND ABOVE THE ROMAN LEVEL.

The first work on the rebuilding of Wren's St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, is expected to begin early in 1954 with the reconstruction of the undercroft. The appeal fund had been suspended early this year in order not to hinder other appeals, but it is to be resumed when rebuilding begins. The appeal was for a total of £210,000, and of this about £80,000 has been received. Subscriptions are very welcome and can be sent to either the Vicar, the Rev. C. M. Armitage, or to the Hon. Treasurer of the Church of St. Bride Restoration Fund, at the Church Vestry, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. The excavations which have been carried out in the bombed-out church have been made by the Roman and Mediæval London Excavation Council, with the co-operation of the Ancient Monuments



A SKETCH PLAN OF THE AERIAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATED NAVE OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW—TO ELUCIDATE THAT PHOTOGRAPH.



THE EXCAVATIONS OF ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET, REVEALED ALMOST IN PLAN BY A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE SPIRE. THE SKETCH-PLAN ABOVE NAMES THE FEATURES.

Department of the Ministry of Works and the good will of the Church authorities, under the honorary direction of Mr. W. F. Grimes. Many discoveries have been made which take the site's history back to a Christian church of about A.D. 700 and to a Roman ditch of about the first century, which would seem to imply the existence there at that time of a substantial building. The two earliest churches on the site—those of the eighth and twelfth centuries—contain re-used Roman material. A curfew tower has been revealed on the south side of the Wren church, and this contains a floor of mediæval Penn tiles, about a foot above another tile floor. The new church, designed by Mr. Godfrey Allen after Wren's pattern, will provide for public access to the mediæval crypt.



THE ASSAULT: HUNDREDS OF LOATUKO WOMEN RUSHING INTO A RIVER POOL ARMED WITH THEIR NETS, AND SCREAMING LOUDLY.

CARRIED OUT TO THE SOUND OF HIGH-PITCHED CRIES: A SUDAN COMMUNAL FISHING OPERATION BY LOATUKO WOMEN.

The natives in the Torit district of the Sudan, which lies in the extreme south of the territory, are among the most primitive in the whole of Africa. During the course of a journey through the country Dr. Raymond Lasserre was able to obtain a series of fine photographs of the curious fishing procedure carried out by the women of the Loatuko tribe. When he arrived at Torit his ears were assailed by a concatenation of sounds—the shrill noise of hundreds of female voices. Outside the village flows a little river whose waters seemed to Dr. Lasserre to be as dark as the skins of the natives. It winds slowly between steep banks clothed with scrub. Hundreds of women were assembled, their heads were shaved, their faces tattooed, their ears cut in scallops, and their necks adorned with necklaces of huge glass beads, of which they are exceedingly vain. Each one carried a primitive net, and wore a little skirt which, clinging closely to the

body, suggested a Western bathing-suit. The whole crowd suddenly precipitated themselves into a natural pool of the river and, dividing into groups, arranged themselves in serried ranks to bar the escape for the fish upstream and downstream, leaving a third group to conduct the fishing. These last-named plunged again and again with their nets under the water and captured quantities of fish, which at the close of the day were divided up between the families with scrupulous exactitude, according to the number of mouths to be fed in each household. The same scene was repeated in pools up and down stream. A few young warriors, their statuesque poses contrasting with the violent activities of the fisherwomen, stood on the banks above and below the crowds ready with harpoons to spear any fish which might escape. These fishing operations are conducted only four or five times a year, as otherwise the stream would be depleted of fish.

Photographs by Dr. Raymond Lasserre.



THE OPERATION IN PROGRESS: RANKS OF WOMEN BAR THE WAY OF ESCAPE FOR THE FISH UP AND DOWN STREAM, WHILE OTHERS PLUNGE IN TO NET THEM.



HOLDING SHIELDS ADORNED WITH TUFTS OF FUR, AND ARMED WITH LANCES: LOATUKO TRIBESMEN GIVING A WAR DANCE.

SOUTH SUDANESE WARRIORS IN THEIR MAGNIFICENT WAR DANCE CEREMONIAL PANOPLY, AND

One of the great achievements of British rule in the Sudan has been the protection of the natives from the once terrible raids of the slave-traders; and the termination of the internecine strife between the various tribes. Happily, the warlike spirit of the more primitive natives is now only expressed in the war dances (which are becoming comparatively rare) and in the hunting of savage beasts, who are killed with javelins used with great skill. Our splendid photographs of Loatuko men and women were taken by Dr. Raymond Lasserre during the course of a journey in the Southern

Sudan through the remote Torit district, which is extremely unhealthy and very hot, as well as being difficult of access. The male natives live in a state of complete nudity and the women wear only a brief skirt. They are a clean, amiable and gentle people, who keep herds of half-wild cows (which they do not milk but slaughter for meat), and cultivate a few cereals and edible roots; while the women are expert at fishing. Dr. Lasserre, through the assistance of the District Commissioner, was able to see and photograph the elaborate war dances, and he is, indeed, perhaps the first



HOLDING THEIR NETS READY TO PLUNGE INTO THE RIVER FOR THE FISHING FESTIVITY: LOATUKO WOMEN, TATTOOED AND WITH SHAVEN HEADS.

THE WOMEN WHO CONDUCT REMARKABLE FISHING OPERATIONS IN WHICH MEN TAKE NO PART.

European to do so. The scene of the dance is a large clearing surrounded by great trees under which the herds are gathered. The ceremonial "dress" for the occasion is a head-dress consisting of an agglomeration of hair, covered with metal plaques painted white, surmounted by an ostrich plume. Each warrior carries a shield, resembling a huge pea-pod with black tufts of fur in place of peas, and an iron-tipped ebony lance with ivory circles, and wears an ivory bracelet or a fur circlet on his left arm. All the motions of war—the silent approach, the confrontation of the

enemy, the combat, the flight, pursuit and final victory are severally mimed with magnificent gestures by the tall, well-built warriors, and the performance ends with a banquet of freshly killed and cooked cow-meat. On returning to the village the festivities continue until morning, the women now joining in the dancing. The fishing carnival, for which the women are shown preparing in our right-hand photograph, is illustrated and described on our previous pages. Fishing is an entirely feminine occupation with the Loatuko. [Photographs by Dr. Raymond Lasserre.]



THE FIRST HOME TO BE OPENED BY "THE GENTLEFOLK'S HELP, FRIENDS OF THE POOR" AND NAMED AFTER THEIR ROYAL PRESIDENT: THE MARIE LOUISE CLUB AT SUNNINGHILL, BERKSHIRE—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE CLUB, SHOWING THE MAIN BUILDING (CENTRE), WHICH HAS FOUR ADJOINING "WINGS."



WHERE AILING RESIDENTS WHO ARE NOT ILL ENOUGH TO REQUIRE NURSING-HOME TREATMENT ARE CARED FOR: THE SICK BAY AT THE MARIE LOUISE CLUB AT SUNNINGHILL. "THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR" HAVE SPECIAL NURSING HOMES, WHERE SERIOUSLY ILL RESIDENTS ARE RECEIVED.

WHERE ELDERLY GENTLEWOMEN ENJOY SECURITY, COMFORT AND COMPANIONSHIP: THE MARIE LOUISE CLUB AT SUNNINGHILL.

The first home to be opened by "The Gentlefolk's Help, Friends of the Poor" is at Sunninghill, Ascot, and is named after their Royal president, her Highness Princess Marie Louise, whose great work on behalf of the society is so well known. In our issue of November 7 we reproduced some drawings by our artist,

Bryan de Grineau, of Woodcote Grove House, at Coulsdon, Surrey, and we described some of the important work which "The Friends of the Poor" are doing. On this and the facing page we show Captain de Grineau's impressions of the Marie Louise Club, which was opened by the Princess Royal in 1926.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE MARIE LOUISE CLUB: THE SUN ROOM, WITH ITS LARGE GLASS WINDOWS WHICH ARE DESIGNED TO TRAP THE SUNLIGHT THROUGHOUT THE DAY. DURING THE WINTER MONTHS THE RESIDENTS CAN ALSO ENJOY THE WARMTH OF THE LARGE OPEN FIRE (RIGHT).



IN THE DINING-HALL OF THE MARIE LOUISE CLUB: RESIDENTS HAVING THEIR EVENING MEAL, DURING WHICH THOSE WHO WISH MAY WATCH TELEVISION ON THE LARGE PROJECTION SCREEN, WHICH IS PLACED OVER ONE OF THE FIREPLACES.

A HOME DEVOTED TO THE CARE OF THE ELDERLY: THE MARIE LOUISE CLUB, SHOWING THE SUN ROOM AND DINING-HALL.

The Marie Louise Club at Sunninghill was founded by "The Gentlemen's Help, Friends of the Poor" to provide a comfortable and happy home for elderly gentlemen with small incomes. All the rooms are well furnished and all meals provided. The Club is built on ground-level to avoid any stairs or steps, and one "wing"

has been converted into a Sick Bay. The "Friends of the Poor" are dependent on voluntary help and in order to continue and expand their great work they urgently need subscriptions or donations, which should be sent to "The Friends of the Poor," 42, Ebury Street, London, S.W.1.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A HERMIT OF THE ITURI FOREST.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

BINGLEY'S "Animal Biography," dated 1805, tells us that the giraffe was well known to the ancients. He quotes Heliodorus, the Greek Bishop of Sicca, for a very early account of this "animal of a strange and wonderful species, about the size of a Camel, and marked upon the skin with florid spots. The hinder parts, from the loins, were low, like those of a Lion; but the shoulders, fore-feet and breast, were elevated above proportion to the other parts. The neck was small, and lengthened out from its large body like that of a Swan. The head, in form, resembled a Camel, but was, in size, about twice that of the Libyan Struthium [Ostrich], and it rolled its eyes, which had a film over them, very frightfully." It is not surprising therefore to learn from the same source that: "When this animal

okapi has been so often told that it will be enough to recall it in brief. In the 1880's, Stanley was travelling through the Ituri Forest to the relief of Emin Pasha when he heard reports of a striped, donkey-like animal. He presumed it to be a forest zebra, and it was not until 1900 that a piece of the striped skin, cut from the thighs of the mystery beast, first came into the possession of a European, Sir Harry Johnston. This piece had been used as an ornament, a sort of bandolier, by a Wambutu native. Two such samples were sent to London, where, on the supposition that they had belonged to zebras, they were named *Equus johnstoni*. The relationship to the giraffe was not realised until a year later, when Lieutenant Ericsson, of the Belgian Congo administrative forces, obtained a complete skin and two skulls. Henceforward, its name was to be okapi (*Okapia johnstoni*), after the Wambutu name.

Although a number of okapis have been caught and sent to Europe, they have all been obtained by native hunters, and no white man has been able to observe it undisturbed in its natural haunts. Left to itself, the okapi probably never sees the sun or the sky. In these dense rain forests the continuous canopy formed by the tree-tops effectively shuts out both. In the shadowed recesses of the undergrowth, 200 ft. below, where the forest floor is thickly coated with large-leaved plants and numerous saplings, the hermit of the tropical forest hides by day, the sleek purple coat rendering it inconspicuous, the stripes on the legs forming a disruptive pattern aiding

longer wild, it had been imported from China, where it was also planted near the temples. So, in the seventeenth century, the ginkgo survived under man's care in a few places in the Far East, but throughout the Mesozoic period, when the giant reptiles dominated the land, it was world-wide in its distribution. The

"holy trees" of China and Japan were, therefore, all that was left of a once-flourishing and widespread tree. Since Darwin first used the term "living fossil" it has been applied to a wide range of plants and animals having one thing in common: that each is a survivor from an ancient race. Not all are confined to a small corner of the earth, as the ginkgo was formerly and the okapi is still. Some insects, like the silverfish and cockroaches, dragonflies and mayflies, have not only persisted over longer periods than these, but are still widely spread over the world, numerous in species and populations. However, a living fossil is popularly taken to be a plant or animal species that has a limited range and a precarious hold on life, which is what Darwin originally intended.

There are two further points of interest in the okapi. Like the giraffe, it has a long muzzle and mobile lips for seizing foliage. In the proportions of the body it is somewhat like a racehorse, although in general build there is a suggestion of a giraffe with a foreshortened neck. Suppose, now, only its skeleton had been found, who would have suggested that an animal so obviously built for speed had hidden itself away in almost impenetrable jungle, instead of roaming the open plains? For that matter, who would suppose

that the water chevrotain, described on this page in our issue of November 7, 1953, was an expert swimmer and diver. Neither the outlines of the body nor the skeleton could have given a clue to this behaviour. These two examples serve to emphasise the difficulties, of which the paleontologist is only too fully aware, in reconstructing the past.

At the same time, there can be little doubt that the ancestors of the okapi, in their heyday, did rely on speed, and were almost certainly browsers on the open grasslands of the Pliocene period. Like all typical living fossils—that is, those that are lingering on in a remote corner of the world—the okapi is not only out of its time but is out of its habitat, a refugee that survives in a sheltered nook. It is almost always true that living animal fossils have survived through having settled in out-of-the-way places, on islands, on mountain-tops, in underground streams and so on. Even those that are widely spread often show the same inconspicuous habitats, not excepting the dragonfly which, while conspicuous in the adult, spends its long larval life hidden at the bottom of a pond or stream. There is a striking parallel here with the earlier human races. Before the spread of the later races the pigmies have retreated into

the jungles, the bushmen into the Kalahari desert, the ainu of Japan into remote villages on islands, like the now extinct Tasmanians and the aboriginals of Australia, who only were able to survive beyond their era in what were formerly inaccessible islands.



A "LIVING FOSSIL" ALTHOUGH STILL FLOURISHING: THE FAMILIAR GIRAFFE OF THE SAVANNAHS OF AFRICA—THE MORE NUMEROUS OF TWO SURVIVORS OF A RACE ONCE WIDELY SPREAD OVER EUROPE AND ASIA.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

appeared, it struck the whole multitude with terror."

To-day the giraffe is no longer a stranger to us, although it is only 126 years ago that the first specimen was brought to England, as a present to George IV. In a zoo it may appear ungainly, but on the immense open savannahs of Africa, where it is completely at home, it is able to show its grace to full advantage. For all that, it is a strange beast, belonging to a strange family, and it is difficult to believe, looking at this "extremely singular quadruped," that its nearest relatives, outside its own family, are the deer. This much has been recognised from the early days of systematic zoology, and confirmed by the remains of its ancestors, the short-necked *Siwatherium* and *Samotherium*, in the Pliocene of Europe and Asia. There are other remains, also, more nearly like the giraffe we know so well, with longer necks, and it is clear that the family as a whole was more widely spread 10,000,000 years or so ago. If, therefore, the giraffe looks like some grotesque survivor of the past, then the impression is a true one, for that is what it is, a living fossil.

Even more a relic, and one maintaining a precarious hold on life, is the giraffe's only surviving close relative, the okapi, now well enough known yet unknown except to the pigmies of the Ituri Forest of the Congo basin until 1900. The story of the finding of the



ONE OF THE EARLY MEMBERS OF THE GIRAFFE FAMILY: THE EXTINCT SHORT-NECKED GIRAFFE (*Siwatherium*), WITH BRANCHED HORNS, WHICH STOOD 7 FT. AT THE SHOULDER—A RESTORATION AFTER KNIFE, BASED ON A SKELETON FROM THE LOWER PLIOCENE DEPOSITS OF THE SIWALIK HILLS OF NORTHERN INDIA. [From the drawing by Jane Burton.]



A MORE TYPICAL "LIVING FOSSIL," SURVIVING ONLY AS A REFUGEE IN INACCESSIBLE PLACES: THE OKAPI, THE NEAREST LIVING RELATIVE OF THE GIRAFFE—BUILT FOR SPEED, IT LIVES IN THE THICKEST RECESSES OF THE AFRICAN RAIN FORESTS. [Photograph by Neave Parker.]

concealment. Solitary in habit, the okapi is found at most in pairs.

The term "living fossil" was first used by Charles Darwin for the ginkgo, discovered originally by Engelbrecht Kaempfer in 1690, growing round the shrines at Nagasaki, and other places in Japan. No

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE N.U.R.:
MR. J. S. CAMPBELL.

On December 16 agreement to call off the threatened railway strike was reached between the National Union of Railwaymen, of which Mr. J. S. Campbell is General Secretary, and the British Transport Commission. The Transport Commission have promised a percentage increase in standard wage rates.



RETURNING TO ATHENS AFTER A TWO-MONTHS STATE VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES:
THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE HELLENES.

King Paul and Queen Frederika of the Hellenes, with their son, Crown Prince Constantine, were given an enthusiastic reception by crowds who lined the route when they drove from Piræus to Athens on December 14 after having been on a two-months State visit to the United States. Later, King Paul celebrated his fifty-second birthday by holding a large reception.



THREATENED RAILWAY STRIKE MEDIATOR:
SIR WALTER MONCKTON.

Sir Walter Monckton, Minister of Labour, who mediated in the railway dispute, announced the terms of the settlement in the House of Commons on December 16. He had attended talks in the Ministry of Labour between the N.U.R. and the British Transport Commission and had kept the Prime Minister informed of their progress.



DIED ON DECEMBER 15:
MR. CECIL TROWNER.

Mr. Cecil Trowner, who was fifty-five, was well known on the stage, screen and radio for the many characters he portrayed. Among some of the successful stage parts he played were Sir Clive Champion Cheney in "The Circle," Sir Sampson Legend in "Love for Love," and, before the war, Bombardone in "Geneva."



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WHO CELEBRATED HER
FORTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY ON DECEMBER 13, AT HER
HOME IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, whose charm and devotion to her public duties have won the hearts of the British people, is the youngest daughter of H.R.H. the late Prince Nicholas of Greece. She was married to H.R.H. the late Duke of Kent in Westminster Abbey, November 1934.



SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD ON CHRISTMAS DAY: H.R.H.
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, WHO WILL SPEND HER BIRTH-
DAY AT SANDRINGHAM.

H.R.H. Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel, who is the only daughter of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, will be celebrating her seventeenth birthday on Christmas Day. The Princess will be spending Christmas at Sandringham, where there will be a Royal family gathering.



LAVRENTI BERIA, WHOSE
"CONFESSION" HAS BEEN
REPORTED.

On December 16 Moscow radio broadcast a statement saying that investigations into the case of Lavrenti Beria, former Soviet Minister of the Interior, had been completed. Beria, who was arrested on July 10, 1953, is said to have confessed to plotting against the Soviet Government for a foreign Power and is to be tried for high treason.



APPOINTED MINISTER TO EL
SALVADOR: MR. V. HOLT.

Mr. Vivyan Holt, who has been appointed Minister to El Salvador in succession to Mr. R. H. Tottenham-Smith, had been Minister at Seoul, South Korea, since 1948. When the Communists overran Seoul in 1950 he was taken prisoner and spent nearly three years in an internment camp in North Korea.



TO BE CHAIRMAN OF LONDON
SESSIONS: MR. A. W. COCKBURN.

Mr. Archibald William Cockburn, Q.C., who has been appointed Chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the County of London in succession to Mr. E. A. Hawke, was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1913, and was a member of the Bar Council from 1919-28 and from 1930-38. He was President of the Oxford Union Society in 1910.



CELEBRATING THE SUCCESS OF THEIR LONDON-CAPE TOWN
FLIGHT: THE CREW OF THE RECORD-BREAKING CANBERRA.

An R.A.F. Canberra, which left London on December 17, reached Cape Town in the record time of 12 hours 25 mins. The flight commemorated the anniversary of the Wright brothers' first powered flight. (From l. to r.) Wing-Cdr. G. Petty. Sqn. Ldr. T. P. McGarry and Sqn. Ldr. J. M. Craig.



AFTER GRADUATING AT OXFORD
UNIVERSITY: MR. ROGER BANNISTER.

Usually seen wearing running shorts, Mr. Roger Bannister, the well-known athlete, was at Oxford with cap and gown on December 15 to receive his degrees of B.A. and B.Sc. Mr. Bannister, who is British mile champion, is a medical student at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.



AT A RECEPTION FOR COMPETITORS IN THE MARATHON NILE
RACE: PRESIDENT NEGUIB AND SOME OF THE SWIMMERS.

President Neguib held a reception on December 16 in Cairo for the twenty-four swimmers who were to compete in a marathon race in the Nile on December 23. Here the President is seen offering a cigarette to a British competitor, Miss M. Feather.



IT must, I imagine, be a common experience among all those who lead a busy life in industry or the professions and at the same time keep in touch, as far as time allows, with the world's art—a task which, to say the least, is not unambitious—to realise suddenly not how much they know but how little. This is good for us and prevents us strutting about in too conceited a manner. This, I suggest, is specially the case when we ask ourselves whether we are really properly acquainted with the work, not of the minor people, about whom ignorance is venial, but of the very great masters, those few who majestically bestride the world. We are liable to take such men for granted. There they are, in the back of our minds; we are familiar enough with their place in history, we remember this and that about them—and then we turn over the pages of a book or come across something—not perhaps over-famous—which they left behind them, and all at once we are reminded that the shadowy figure we thought we knew so well has a good deal more to tell us than we imagined.

This has just happened to me in the case of Michelangelo, who, one would have thought, has been sufficiently docketed, explained, pinned down, analysed, re-hashed, sanctified, praised and insulted during the past four centuries as to render any further talk about him superfluous. Perhaps it is for this very reason, because of this incessant critical buzzing, that I welcome a book from the Phaidon Press with notes by Dr. Ludwig Goldscheider, for in it we are allowed—more than that, actually invited—to look at the admirable illustrations and form our own conclusions without being continually clumped over the head by the opinions of several generations of pundits. We are given guidance, it is true, but that guidance is both factual and tactful—in the author's own words: "The textual portions of the present volume are quite unpretending and consist solely of concentrated material out of which the reader may construct his own Michelangelo book. For this reason I have refrained from writing an introduction in the form of an essay expounding my own views and experience and offer the reader in its place an easily readable chronological table which he can consult from time to time if he wishes to refresh his memory. . . ."

He goes on to say that if we find the notes insufficient we can pursue our studies in the bibliography—and that, I estimate, would entail twelve months' concentrated study, so that the invitation is not likely to be accepted by the general reader. What a pleasant dream!—a year's holiday without loss of pay, on the sole condition that you went to see every work, whether authentic or doubtful, by Michelangelo, and read what everybody had ever written about him. Rome and Florence, to begin with, and then on the way home—and how many of us would remember off-hand?—you would have to spend a day or two in, of all places, Bruges. Who, I ask, thinks of Bruges, except for the Van Eyck and the Memlings? You would drag yourself away from the beautiful little museum and the Hôpital and go to the Church of Notre-Dame, where, on April 7, 1521, another visitor, far more distinguished than any of us, made the following entry, as Dr. Goldscheider reminds us, in his diary: "Then I saw the alabaster likeness of Mary in Our Lady, which was made by Michael Angelo of Rome." (By "alabaster" Dürer means white marble; by "Our Lady," the Church of Notre-Dame.) This sculpture dates from c. 1504, when

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MICHELANGELO—FOR STUDY AND PLEASURE.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

Michelangelo was twenty-nine. It seems to have reached Bruges in 1506, and was bought by Alexander Mouscron, a merchant who dealt in English cloth and had warehouses in Florence and Rome.

More than a century later another painter admired it, though we do not know whether he actually saw it: this was Rembrandt, for he had in his studio a cast of the Child's head which, in the inventory of the contents of his home in 1656, figures as "a child by Michelangelo." More than this, Rembrandt's cast is to be seen in a painting by Jan Lievens, in the Louvre—the painting is reproduced in a book on Lievens by Hans Schneider, published at Haarlem in 1932.

Another early sculpture by Michelangelo is in London and is right under our noses, for which reason it is probably even less familiar than the Mother and Child at Bruges. Most of us, if we have not found our way there already, will certainly visit Burlington House this winter for the Flemish Exhibition; in that same building is a circular Madonna relief, which was bought by Sir George Beaumont in Rome in 1822 and after his death and the death of his wife, was presented to the Royal Academy—that is, in 1830. This, like the somewhat similar relief in Florence (known as the Pitti Madonna, after Bartolommeo Pitti, who commissioned it) used to be considered unfinished, because of the roughness of the background; to modern eyes such a notion appears absurd. Unlike the Bruges Madonna, both these reliefs were clearly intended for the room of a house, not for a religious building.

The book deals with paintings and architecture in addition to sculpture; a previous volume on the drawings, by the same author, has already been noticed on this page. Inevitably the Sistine Chapel frescoes are accorded seventy out of the 200 full-page plates and appear to me to prove once again how noble are the details and how banal and tiresome the general appearance of this world-famous

building. An intriguing appendix at the end of the book deals with the various models in wax and clay which are certainly or possibly from the hand of Michelangelo, with lost works such as the Sleeping Cupid, carved in 1496



THE HEAD OF THE CHRIST CHILD FROM THE MICHELANGELO MADONNA AND CHILD AT BRUGES: DETAIL OF THE GROUP.

Rembrandt had in his studio a cast of the Child's head from the Madonna and Child group in Notre-Dame, Bruges. In the inventory of the contents of his home in 1656 it figures as "a child by Michelangelo."

Illustrations from "Michelangelo: Paintings, Sculptures, Architecture," by Ludwig Goldscheider; reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers.

and sold by the Roman dealer Baldassare del Milanese as "a genuine antique" to Cardinal Riario. This statue came later into the possession of Cesare Borgia and afterwards belonged to Isabella d'Este, Duchess of Mantua.

It is a curious road to fame, to be remembered not as a learned patron of art, nor as a man whose enthusiasm led him to buy a forgery, as Dr. Bode bought the alleged Leonardo da Vinci bust of Flora or as various American museums found themselves the owners of ingenious sculptures by Dossena, or the British Museum of a fake Etruscan tomb, but—in the case of the Cardinal—as the man who would not have bought a work by the greatest sculptor of the age had he not believed it to have been about 1500 years old. There is a moral in all this, which no doubt practising sculptors during the past four-and-a-half centuries have not been slow to point out.

There is yet a further mystery: in 1631 the Sleeping Cupid is known to have passed to the collection of King Charles of England. Since then all trace of it has been lost. Buried? Destroyed by fire? Smashed by an ignoramus? Or does it still exist in some attic or stable? This, and other similar matters are dealt with in this fascinating appendix, and finally there is a brief note—or, rather, a series of notes—about both sculptures and paintings which have been the subject of considerable controversy in recent years. Of these, the two paintings in the National Gallery, the one known as the Manchester Madonna, the other the more famous Entombment (both unfinished works), are given by Dr. Goldscheider to an unknown Florentine painter influenced by Michelangelo between the years 1516 and 1534. A formidable list of critics, both for and against, are mentioned, and no doubt the dust of battle will not subside for many a long day. To what extent the average visitor is interested in these erudite disputations I don't know; to me they are enchanting, for it is by listening to those who have very special knowledge that one can learn to use one's own eyes, and—who knows?—avoid making a fool of oneself like the poor Cardinal who believed what he wanted to believe.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Michelangelo: Paintings, Sculptures, Architecture." By Ludwig Goldscheider. Complete Edition, with introduction, catalogue and 300 Illustrations in Photogravure and full Colour. (Phaidon Press; 42s.)



THE HEAD OF MICHELANGELO'S BRUGES MADONNA: DETAIL FROM THE GROUP OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD IN NOTRE-DAME, BRUGES.

The beauty of the head of the Michelangelo Madonna in the Church of Notre-Dame, Bruges, can be studied in this detail. The work was brought to Bruges by Francesco del Pugliese in 1506.



THE BEAUTIFUL BRUGES MADONNA AND CHILD BY MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI (1475-1564). (Marble; 50½ ins. high.)

The earliest mention of this work, which dates from c. 1504, occurs in Albrecht Dürer's diary of his journey to the Netherlands on April 7, 1521. It is in the Church of Notre-Dame, Bruges.

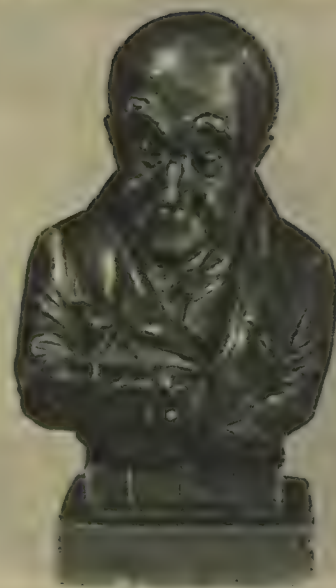
THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: SOME ACQUISITIONS OF THE YEAR.



"ADELINE VIRGINIA WOOLF (NÉE STEPHEN)" (1882-1941), THE DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST AND CRITIC; BY STEPHEN TOMLIN, C. 1935. (A lead bust; 16 ins. high.) (Purchased.)



"HENRIETTA HOWARD, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK" (1681-1767), MISTRESS OF GEORGE II.; BY CHARLES JERVAS. (Canvas; 39 by 46½ ins.) (On loan from the Earl of Buckinghamshire.)



"SAMUEL ROGERS" (1763-1855), POET, BANKER, CONNOISSEUR OF ART AND LETTERS; BY JEAN PIERRE DANTAN. (A caricature bust in plaster; 12½ ins. high.) (Presented by Dr. Philip Gosse.)



"DINNER AT HADDO HOUSE, 1884"; BY A. E. EMSLIE. LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN ENTERTAINING MR. GLADSTONE (RIGHT), LORD ROSEBERY (LEFT) AND OTHERS. (Canvas; 15 by 23 ins.) (Presented by Marjorie Lady Pentland, D.B.E.)



"JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD" (1866-1937), FIRST LABOUR PREMIER; BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1912. (Oil on canvas; 25 by 29½ ins.) (Presented by his daughter, Mrs. Ishbel Peterkin.)



"JAMES JOYCE" (1882-1941), THE NOVELIST; BY JACQUESEMILE BLANCHE. (Canvas; 50 by 35 ins.) (Purchased.)



"CHARLES BURNEY" (1726-1814); BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (Canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Purchased.)



"THE 1ST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY" (1621-1683); AFTER JOHN GREENHILL. (Canvas; 50 by 40½ ins.) (Purchased.)

Acquisitions made by the National Portrait Gallery during 1953 (of which we publish a selection) will be on view to the public from Saturday, December 26. Virginia Woolf, daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen, was a distinguished literary figure. Her works include "The Waves," "The Common Reader," "Flush" and a novel, "Between the Acts," published posthumously. Her Diary has just been published. The portrait of Henrietta Howard, Countess of Suffolk, belonged to Alexander Pope and then to Martha Blount. After her death, Horace Walpole bought it and it remained at Strawberry Hill till the then Earl of Buckinghamshire bought

it in 1842. The portrait of Charles Burney, organist and author of "The History of Music," and father of Fanny Burney, is the original painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds to hang in the Thrales' house at Streatham, among portraits by him of other friends of theirs. When these were sold in 1818, the portrait was bought by the sitter's son, Dr. Charles Burney, and remained in the possession of his descendants till acquired by the National Portrait Gallery. Anthony Ashley-Cooper, 1st Earl of Shaftesbury, was an able statesman of the Restoration. The painting is an early copy after a painting by John Greenhill.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PRESENT AND PAST.

By J. C. TREWIN.

PROPHECY is always dangerous; but sometimes prophets must venture. Not long ago, in an essay entitled "Up-and-Coming," I suggested that Peter Ustinov, Wynyard Browne and Roger MacDougall were our three major dramatists of the future. Not, perhaps, a very rash forecast; but one remembers other prophecies that seemed, at the time, to be so comfortably safe. . . .

This year the three writers have offered three new plays. MacDougall's was the untidy "Escapade," work of some quality, but, I still think, over-praised; Ustinov's was the worrying "No Sign of the Dove,"

artistically in its last five minutes—and yet to gain the cheers. The dramatist has to choose between writing for the moment only and for the future.

There is nothing facile in Wynyard Browne's last act. It is the exploration of character that so distinguishes this play; that, and the manner in which the dramatist has followed up his clues, constructed the piece with a care that would have won a nod from the masters of the morticed-and-tenoned play—and a play can be both well-made and a work of art, though in some quarters there are doubts.

In effect, it appears to me that Wynyard Browne is writing of various levels, various phases, of imagination. ("Such tricks hath strong imagination," said Theseus.) The murderer, dead many years before the play began, was too powerfully imaginative. It forced him into fraud; it led him at the last to commit murder, to kill the woman who had threatened to expose him to his wife. With this dangerous imagination went the feeling of insecurity; he never really believed that he was loved; he feared that his wife would despise him if she knew the truth about him.

His son, in one sense, has followed his father. Here too is imagination. He believes too feverishly that if the facts about his parentage are known (and now his imagination becomes as "foul as Vulcan's stithy"), he must resign his post: an "idiotic, destructive thing" that would be his own equivalent of murder. Here, also, is a feeling of insecurity: a feeling that his wife may not understand, a resolve that there must be no children of the marriage. His wife loves deeply, but she has come also to fear a little: behind everything (her own imagination at play) lurks a doubt that needs to be settled.

All is settled at last. In describing her husband, the unknown mother (who proves to be a wise, assured business woman, her experience gained in the hard way) shows that the real man must sometimes be clarified from the blurred image of a newspaper story. But I can go no further here. I think playgoers should experience for themselves the emotion that Wynyard Browne creates in the third act without ever trying to thwack us into submission. This is "theatre theatrical" in the best sense; it never deserts the theatre of the mind. You may agree or disagree with the third act reasoning. That is something to debate—and it is far worthier of debate than other provocative third acts we have had this year.

Wynyard Browne, then, has written a play as potent (and almost as veracious) as "The Holly and the Ivy." I wish myself that he had ended it when the wife, leaving the room, looked around with the reassuring, "It's all right—I'll be back." But, had he done so, we should have missed the use made of the last quotation, "I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affection and the truth of imagination."

What do I remember most from this absorbing night? Possibly the second act curtain, when we see in Gladys Cooper's eyes that she has been speaking



"A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO THE LONDON STAGE . . . A MAJOR WORK INDEED": "A QUESTION OF FACT," SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT II, WITH (L. TO R.) GRACE SMITH (GLADYS COOPER), RACHEL GARDINER (PAMELA BROWN), PAUL GARDINER (PAUL SCOFIELD) AND ARTHUR LAMB (HAROLD SCOTT). MR. TREWIN SAYS: "IT IS ACTED WITH IMAGINATIVE UNDERSTANDING . . . BUT THE DIALOGUE IS SO VERACIOUS THAT THE PIECE COULD SURVIVE WITHOUT STAR CASTING."

in which, for once, the flood of his own enthusiasm bore the dramatist down. And now, at the Piccadilly, Wynyard Browne, quietest of the three and the author of "The Holly and the Ivy," has brought a Christmas present to the London stage with "A Question of Fact," major work indeed. It is acted with imaginative understanding by Gladys Cooper, Paul Scofield, and Pamela Brown; but the dialogue is so veracious that the piece could survive without star casting. That is something one has been able to say about very few of the year's new plays.

Let me add at once that Wynyard Browne is not a dramatist for all markets. He will not please any playgoer who demands the facile twist, the theatrical irrelevance, the violent manipulation of plot and character for an effect purely ephemeral. This play, if we think only of its plot, is about a young, new-married public schoolmaster who discovers that he is the son of a man hanged for murder, and who seeks his real mother—he is an adopted child—to learn the truth that has been kept from him. How can his marriage (and his career) prosper if he cannot be sure of his past?

This is not the peaceful Norfolk vicarage of "The Holly and the Ivy." But, as before, Wynyard Browne lets his characters develop logically. The narrative flows. The end is quiet, and, I feel, satisfying; but it will disappoint some because there has been no sensational cascade-to-the-sea, no Big Scene in the tearing-a-cat manner. If, say, Gladys Cooper, as the mother (she does not enter until the second half of the second act) had been allowed to bring down the final curtain by crying, "Your father was not the murderer, Paul. I was!" or something equally violent and quite absurd, seekers for melodramatic pitch-and-toss would have been happy. It is not hard to ruin a play



"WYNYARD BROWNE'S NEW PIECE IS FOR ME THE PLAY OF 1953": "A QUESTION OF FACT" (PICCADILLY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT I, WITH (L. TO R.) NINA TRAFFORD (MARY HINTON), CHARLES TRAFFORD (HENRY HEWITT) AND PAUL GARDINER (PAUL SCOFIELD).

to the image of her dead husband. Possibly some of Paul Scofield's burdened silences (he can always fill a silence). Possibly Pamela Brown's last outbreak, a scorching flame. Her method is not for every playgoer (she is the least chocolate-boxy of actresses): for me she can express more by listening—and who listens better?—than many players can in a long torrent. The woman is in an extraordinary situation; Pamela Brown can illuminate her.

Paul Scofield, best of the young actors, is perfectly right as the haunted man seeking reassurance, "perplexed in the extreme," allowing his imagination to take forbidden paths. Gladys Cooper, as the mother who has to resolve the problem, can control the stage by refusing any self-conscious effort at control. "I'd expected almost anything, but not to admire her," says her son. Who could not admire Miss Cooper? And we ought also to acknowledge the craft of the director's grouping—honour to Frith Banbury—in the critical scenes of the third act.

The other fine part in the play is that of an old schoolmaster, one of Harold Scott's charming pencil sketches. Again we observe Wynyard Browne's gift for touching down a character, for refusing to exaggerate. The old man is not snatched from stock. It is a delight to hear Mr. Scott murmur: "I always drink my coffee black to persuade myself that I'm a man of the world."

This, then, is the play of the year: two magnificent acts and a third to argue about. No pretensions, no divagations, no nonsense. You may accept the last act or quarrel with it, but (as with "The Holly and the Ivy")

it is not possible to hear this piece without respecting the dramatist's honesty, skill and wit, the players' response to his challenge, and the director's command of all. Not for all markets. Maybe. But I am not ashamed of my prophecy. Up-and-coming indeed! Wynyard Browne has come.



"IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO HEAR THIS PIECE WITHOUT RESPECTING THE DRAMATIST'S HONESTY, SKILL AND WIT, THE PLAYERS' RESPONSE TO HIS CHALLENGE, AND THE DIRECTOR'S COMMAND OF ALL": "A QUESTION OF FACT"—A SCENE FROM WYNYARD BROWNE'S NEW PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) NINA TRAFFORD (MARY HINTON), CHARLES TRAFFORD (HENRY HEWITT), RACHEL GARDINER (PAMELA BROWN), ARTHUR LAMB (HAROLD SCOTT), AND PAUL GARDINER (PAUL SCOFIELD).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SINBAD THE SAILOR" (Empress Hall).—Sinbad is on ice—and likes it. So does the audience. (December 3.)

MURRAY MARIONETTES (New Boltons).—J. B. Priestley's marionette play, "The High Toby," all about highwaymen and with many distinguished voices. (December 8.)

"A QUESTION OF FACT" (Piccadilly).—Wynyard Browne's new piece is for me the play of 1953: two impeccable acts and a third that will stir the best kind of argument. The acting could not be better: Gladys Cooper, Pamela Brown, Paul Scofield, Harold Scott.



THIS YEAR'S "PETER PAN": MISS PAT KIRKWOOD, SEEN DURING "FLYING REHEARSALS."

"Peter Pan" resumed his annual sway at the Scala Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on December 23. Peter was being played by Miss Pat Kirkwood, while the redoubtable Captain Hook, that famous Old Etonian, was being taken by Mr. Donald Wolfit.



CENTRAL LONDON'S ONLY PRINCIPAL BOY: MISS ADELE DIXON AS PRINCE CHARMING, IN "CINDERELLA."

Somewhat surprisingly, there is only one pantomime in Central London this Christmas—Mr. Val Parnell's "Cinderella" at the Palladium. This, with Miss Adele Dixon as Principal Boy, was due to open on Christmas Eve.



THE CINDERELLA OF CENTRAL LONDON'S ONLY PANTOMIME: MISS JULIE ANDREWS, IN THE NAME-PART, AT THE PALLADIUM.



RECEIVING A WARNING FROM THE FAIRY QUEEN (MARGO MCMENEMY): "HUMPTY DUMPTY" (ONICE) SITS PERILOUSLY ON THE WALL.



THE TOYS COME TO LIFE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOY TOWN BALLET IN "HUMPTY DUMPTY ON ICE."

One of the prettiest versions of "Humpty Dumpty" seen for many years is "Humpty Dumpty on Ice," at the Empire Pool, Wembley. The Palace of Jack Frost, the ballet of dolls, the swan lake and enormous enchanted swans are but some of the delights in a spectacular programme.



THE PRINCESS (GLORIA NORD) AND AN ENCHANTED SWAN: THE SWAN BALLET IN "HUMPTY DUMPTY ON ICE."



THE FAMOUS BROTHER AND SISTER SKATING COMBINATION: JOHN AND JENNIFER NICKS IN "SINBAD THE SAILOR ON ICE."



ANDRA MCLAUGHLIN AS SINBAD TAKES A FLYING LEAP OVER THE GORILLA.

An American skater, Andra McLaughlin, plays Principal Boy in the new ice pantomime, "Sinbad the Sailor on Ice," which opened at the Empress Hall on December 3. Supporting her is the British comedian, Norman Wisdom.



THE GORILLA (RONALD PRIVETT) MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE PRINCESS (JANE CONLAN) IN "SINBAD THE SAILOR ON ICE."

SOME OF LONDON'S CHRISTMAS SHOWS: PRINCIPALS OF "PETER PAN" AND CENTRAL LONDON'S ONLY PANTOMIME, "CINDERELLA"— AND SCENES FROM TWO ICE PANTOMIMES, AT EARLS COURT AND WEMBLEY.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE YOUTHFUL AND THE YOUNG.

By PETER FORSTER.

THE American language has a useful verb, "to emote." The meaning, as I understand it, is to generate emotion, often without particular regard to the validity of that emotion, the word being commonly employed in reference to actors. And it came to my mind during the new film "Torch Song," for it is the perfect word to encompass Miss Joan Crawford's acting technique.

Miss Crawford is one of Hollywood's indestructibles, and she can emote like nobody's business. Are tears required? Very well, then: hers not to reason why, hers but to do and cry. Should jealousy be registered? Miss Crawford will be all Othello in a look. Fear? She will scream the house down. Pain? She will scream the house down. Anguish? She will cry and contort herself and rend her clothes, and anybody else's clothes, and play havoc with the furniture. Half-measures are unknown to her; a nod fit to break her neck is only as good as a wink like the Beachy Head Lighthouse. She lives in a super-size world of great oaks, and vehemently denies that there are ever such things as little acorns. Trivia are not within her range. When Miss Crawford lights a cigarette, it is an act of arson to be set beside the firing of the Reichstag. When she answers the telephone, you feel that somebody has dialled GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG. When she kisses a man, she becomes an instrument of doom, or of destiny, at very least. Anyone who has ever seen Miss Crawford in comedy knows that it is not an experience to be undertaken lightly. She is not as other mortals are; rest, repose and happiness are alike outside her ken. Even when, during rare moments, she has nothing to say and nothing to do, she can still emote: the 3-D eyes will still be registering thoughts too terrible for words, the radio-active nostrils will still flare with evidence of some private grief, the fierce and flaunting mouth will still be twisted to connote some inner agony.

"Torch Song" is an excellent example of Miss Crawford at work. She is, for the sake of argument, Jenny Stewart, a great musical-comedy star, with the world at her feet. (A thought: Why do M.C. stars always have to have the world at their feet?) But Jenny is not happy, and she takes her mood out

us know why we do what we do?" will serve as a fair example.

And eventually—but it is possible that readers have already foreseen the ending. And does the story matter much? What matters more is that this is a Joan Crawford picture in every sense, and the only person who really has cause to regret the fact is Mr. Wilding, who can also emote a little if he is given the chance.



"THE 3-D EYES WILL STILL BE REGISTERING THOUGHTS TOO TERRIBLE FOR WORDS, THE RADIO-ACTIVE NOSTRILS WILL STILL FLARE WITH EVIDENCE OF SOME PRIVATE GRIEF, THE FIERCE AND FLAUNTING MOUTH WILL STILL BE TWISTED TO CONNOTE SOME INNER AGONY": JOAN CRAWFORD IN "TORCH SONG" (M.-G.-M.), WITH THE BLIND PIANIST (MICHAEL WILDING) IN A SCENE FROM THE TECHNICOLOR FILM.

Miss Crawford has an everlasting quality; two other remarkable performances at present on view can probably never be repeated, because the players are children.

Of course, one is never quite sure about this business of child acting. Is it really acting? The outsider, at least, can only judge by results. And I have hitherto held that the best child performance within my experience of films was that given by Bobby Henrey in Carol Reed's "The Fallen Idol." Nobody who saw it can quickly have forgotten the look on the boy's

the world is still made up of all things bright and beautiful; some aspects of life puzzle him, but his invariable response is beautifully gentle and kind.

Perhaps I should not be using real names, but referring to "Harry" and "Davy," for these are the names they bear in the film and the characters they display. The time is at the beginning of this century, and the place a primitive farm in Nova Scotia. The two children are Scottish orphans whose father has been killed in the South African War; they are sent out to live with their grandfather, Jim Mackenzie (Duncan Macrae), a puritanical farmer who quarrels with his neighbours and makes life miserable for his wife (Jean Anderson) and unmarried daughter (Adrienne Corri).

It might have been a dour and dull film, but although the adult acting is never less than competent, it is the children who make it such a delightful and touching piece of work. They arrive from their journey, ticketed like parcels. They are let loose in the countryside and go exploring. They go to school and get into fights and make friends. They are frightened by their grandfather, who is harsh and uncomprehending, and they adore their long-suffering grandmother. And eventually they come across a baby, left for a few minutes by a path, and in all innocence they imagine it to have come from nowhere, and so they decide to adopt it. For two days, while the whole countryside is searching for the missing child, they keep and care for it in a bower by the lake. Then they are discovered, and Harry is tried for kidnapping. But all comes well in the end; anything else would have been unpardonably heartrending.

The director, Philip Leacock, has somehow made the boys live their parts. That expert author, Neil Paterson, has written dialogue for them that is exactly and brilliantly "right," and they deliver it in solemn little Scots voices with miraculous timing and never a hint that they realise how comic or pathetic it will sound to us.

And my own pleasure in the film was multiplied by the discovery at the Press show of these same two little boys, now most properly combed and brushed and buttoned, in the seats adjoining mine! Photographers and publicity men hovered near by to snap their reactions to the completed film, and perhaps



"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DOUR AND DULL FILM, BUT ALTHOUGH THE ADULT ACTING IS NEVER LESS THAN COMPETENT, IT IS THE CHILDREN WHO MAKE IT SUCH A DELIGHTFUL AND TOUCHING PIECE OF WORK": "THE KIDNAPPERS," A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH DAVY (VINCENT WINTER) ASKS HIS OLDER BROTHER HARRY (JON WHITELEY) TO TELL HIM ABOUT THE TIME WHEN THEY LIVED WITH THEIR MOTHER.



"THE DIRECTOR, PHILIP LEACOCK, HAS SOMEHOW MADE THE BOYS LIVE THEIR PARTS": HARRY (JON WHITELEY) AND DAVY (VINCENT WINTER) IN A SCENE FROM "THE KIDNAPPERS" (J. ARTHUR RANK), IN WHICH THE FRIGHTENED DAVY URGES HIS BROTHER TO FIND THEIR GRANDFATHER, AND TELL HIM ABOUT THE BABY WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN HIDING IN THE WOODS.

on her colleagues. When a dance routine goes wrong, and the director protests that her partner has not room to get round her leg, she replies with splendid disdain: "Tell him, he's paid to get round that leg!"

The trouble is that, for reasons obvious to everyone but herself, Jenny is lonely. So what more natural than that she should fall in love with a blind pianist (Michael Wilding) who comes in to substitute for a few weeks in the theatre orchestra? Not that the pianist really needs the work; at other times, we find that he lives in an expensive flat containing an original Modigliani (come to think of it, a very expensive flat) and enjoys private jazz sessions with a few friends. Whenever he and Jenny meet, they either quarrel or indulge in classy reflections about Life, of which, "Do any of

face at the end of the story, when he came down the grand staircase to greet his mother, longing to run helter-skelter, yet restrained by a kind of pride beyond his years.

Yet now I have to say that even this is eclipsed by the performances of Masters Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter in the new British film, "The Kidnappers." Master Whiteley is thin-nish, with a mass of fair hair, deep eyes in a square little face, with a square, determined little mouth, and eight years old. Master Winter is tiny and tubby, with mischievous pop-eyes, a merry grin and a mind of his own; he still toddles rather than walks, and he is 5½ years old. Master Whiteley is growing up, and is going to be the leader, and wants to discover all about things; he knows what courage is, and injustice. To Master Winter

at first they were nervous and ill at ease; on the screen they were so large, in the flesh so small, and one felt vaguely resentful on their behalf. But then they began to take notice only of the film. They saw themselves acting, and clearly they thought themselves very funny indeed. In fact, they fell about with laughter, and nudged each other, and pointed, oblivious to all else. When they were not on the screen they grew a little restless—and it was, after all, quite a long time for them to sit there on the upturned seats. But when the story was serious, and Harry and Davy were in trouble, Jon and Vincent sat rapt and solemn and attentive, waiting hopefully for all to end well. If possible, they were even more delightful off the screen than on.



EVEN A HORSE GETS TIRED SOMETIMES: FREDY KNIE PUTS ONE OF HIS LIBERTY HORSES TO BED WHILE (RIGHT) A DOG HAS ALREADY SETTLED IN HIS COT—THIS ACT IS SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE.



A TAIL THAT HAS TO BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED: ONE OF GUERRE'S MUSICAL SEALIONS WALKING UPRIGHT IN AN ACT NOW SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND.



AN IRRESISTIBLE ACT BY PERFORMERS WHO OBVIOUSLY ENJOY EVERY MOMENT OF IT: SCIPLINI'S CHIMPANZEES, WHOSE ANTICS APPEAL TO YOUNG AND OLD.

PERFORMING ONE OF HIS SENSATIONAL BALANCING FEATS: JOHN—THE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD "WONDER BOY"—AT OLYMPIA FOR THE FIRST TIME.



IN AN ACT DESCRIBED AS "A STUDY IN EQUINE ELECTRONICS": ONE OF FREDY KNIE'S "RADIO-CONTROLLED" HORSES BEATING TIME TO THE MUSIC AT THE END OF THE ACT.



STARS WITHOUT WHOM ANY CIRCUS WOULD BE INCOMPLETE: MILLS MIGHTY ELEPHANTS BEING PUT THROUGH THEIR PACES BY GOSTA KRUSE AT OLYMPIA.

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA: SCENES FROM ONE OF THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.

For many children and not a few parents, the Christmas holidays would be incomplete without a visit to the circus. Now the circus has come to town once again and, at Olympia, Bertram Mills Circus, in its twenty-seventh season, opened on December 18 with a programme packed with excitement and laughter. Again this year there are many new items, some of which have never been seen in England before. One of these is "The Radio Horses," presented by Fredy Knie.

In this act one of the liberty horses takes to his bed—as can be seen in our photograph. In a foreword to the official programme Field Marshal Lord Montgomery speaks of leadership and comradeship in the circus, and says: "... good comradeship implies kindness to others, and this is where the animals come in. ... When I see the animals in the ring or off duty, and talk to their attendants, as I often do, I gain the impression that they are enjoying it as much as we are."

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TO call a story gem-like suggests a flattering intention in the guise of a banality. But it may really mean something quite different. It may, on some occasions, be polite and cold—rather a necessary tribute than an exclamation-mark. For me, the latest Colette volume, "Gigi" and "The Cat" (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), was of this chill-inspiring order. Both stories—especially the first, which is quite short and beautifully finished—might be described as gems. If they were pictures, though, one would admire them in a gallery rather than hang them up on one's own wall.

Gigi is of a family of *grandes cocottes*. Because her mother has thrown up the sponge, in favour of the Opéra Comique, she is being educated by the veterans—her grandmother, now modestly retired, and Aunt Alicia, who has retired in style, with jewels worth a king's ransom. But she is only in the primer stage; at fifteen past, she is still leggy, innocent and unreserved, though very well-informed. When "Uncle Gaston," the melancholy heir of Lachaille-Sugar, breaks with another top-ranking professional, Gigi knows all about it; and as Lachaille is an old friend, she has no scruple about broaching it. At this unsettled time, he becomes so addicted to her that the old ladies stretch their eyes. They are quite right; but in the sequel, their dexterity is thrown away. Still it presides over the *conte*, where Gigi's grooming is described more lovingly than her romance, and where the moral seems to be "Clever girl!"

"The Cat" is definitely rather horrid. It is the story of an only son, buried at Neuilly with his childhood, a devoted mother and a Persian Blue cat. Saha is the companion of his nights and dreams, his "little puma of the garden," and, in fact, his soul-mate. Yet he is now going to be married; he is to leave his garden and "chimera," and perch on a ninth storey with a vulgar girl—a strident, ordinary girl. All he can find to do with her is to make love. And then the poor little chimera starts to fade away. So Alain brings her to The Wedge; and the young wife has Saha, and the way he lives with Saha, always before her eyes. A moment comes when she can't stand it. And Alain is not furious, but overjoyed; for in her desperate mood, she has supplied his order of release.

The cat, the garden and The Wedge have an amazing virtuosity. Yet the tale rather drags; why analyse the breakdown of a marriage that had failed *a priori*?

OTHER FICTION.

"The Enormous Radio," by John Cleaver (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), presents a very different kind of thing. These fourteen stories are decidedly for one's own wall—the kind one can hang up and live with. They are warm and deep, and flexible and unemphatic. And on the whole, immitigably sad; their burden is the vain goodwill, the unavailing struggle, and above all the separateness of human beings. Yet they are far from dreary.

Roughly these stories are about the average American—his "broken dreams," his trustful grapplings with the Big City, his pursuit of happiness. Sometimes the city is phantasmagoric; sometimes a long, long trail to an imaginary rainbow's end. Sometimes we get it in a sample—an apartment building, viewed by the superintendent or an elevator man. Then there are married couples of all sorts; the happy marriages have the most pathos. When things go wrong, pathos descends upon the child—the desperate or neglected child. There are two stories—one the most painful in the book—in which the victim is a little girl. And yet the parents meant no harm; they were not callous or unloving, they were only human.

That is the sad thing about life; people are only human. And it pervades even the comedy—even the story of the liftman and his Christmas cheer, which in a manner is pure farce. Yet it expresses, too, all the pathetic vanity of human kindness. At least, for me it did. But it is plain that feelings may diverge—at any rate about the title-story, which I have been saving up. According to the jacket, this is a "brilliant and delightful *jeu d'esprit*." I should have called it a morality—one of the most profound and poignant I have ever read.

"The Alien Sky," by Paul Scott (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), takes us to India in the last weeks of the British Raj. The young American MacKendrick, rootless and disesteemed at home, is here in quest of an attachment. There is a woman here who has been ill-used by his brother Dwight; after Dwight's death he read her letters, and he is half in love, half hoping to begin a new world with a fellow-victim. But at Marapore he finds a world falling to dust. All roots are coming up, or straining for a fresh hold on a changing soil. Everyone has been here too long; and the more *pukka* specimens will head for Kenya, which should be something like, rather than "home," which is impossible. Others—the cranks, the no-goods, the gone-natives—think they have still a place.

Tom Gower, with his experimental farm at Onni, is among the cranks; also, he is the husband of MacKendrick's girl. Within a week his long endeavour has been scrapped, and he too is a *ci-devant*. And young MacKendrick has got nowhere. Dorothy Gower can't help; for she is one of the unlucky ones, the rootless children of the land, who need their whole strength to survive. It is a novel that deserves more space—less for the careful plot than for the figures and the dialogue. These are harsh, brilliant and revealing.

"Natural Causes," by Henry Cecil (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.), might have been painful drama in another hand. It deals with the attempted blackmail of a High Court judge, of stainless character, and at the very end of his career; and with the miscreant's too-timely death, during a meeting with his son and daughter. To make things worse, he has incurred the hawk-like scrutiny of Mr. Bean, a megalomaniac newspaper proprietor—who, in the course of innumerable civil actions wantonly provoked, has only once entered the witness-box, and was then ordered to behave himself. For this, he means to have the judge's blood. But here the upshot is pure comedy—disjointed, but intelligent to a degree, with vintage dialogue and scenes in all manner of courts, featuring every kind of lawyer, from the eminent to the grotesque. Even the blackmailer is jolly company.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN EXILED QUEEN.

NO one, however violent a Republican or a Whig sympathiser, can deny that the Stuarts had charm. But they were a race of introverts. Charles I. is something of a psychological enigma, and Charles II.'s nickname, the Merry Monarch, is one of the most crashing stupidities of history. Most of the time, in spite of his wit and his penchant for the gayer recreations, he was decidedly the Melancholy Monarch. Of them all, it is James I.'s daughter, Elizabeth of Bohemia—"The Winter Queen" of our school history-books—who was the most consistently extroverted by temperament. She suffered the misfortunes associated with the rest of her hapless family, and she bore them not only with Stuart nobility, but with a resilience of mind and an ability to find interest, zest and pleasure in the world around her which is by no means typically Stuart. She is too little known to the average English reader, and Mrs. L. M. Baker is to be thanked and congratulated on having compiled so charming and useful a work as "The Letters of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia" (Bodley Head; 30s.), in which we find that lady's qualities so admirably expressed. Her husband, Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, was unwise enough to accept the Crown of Bohemia from the rebel Protestants of that country, and after being crowned Queen in Prague in 1619, Elizabeth and her husband were driven into exile the following year. She endured long years of exile at The Hague, and came to England at the restoration of her nephew Charles II., but did not live to enjoy the somewhat uneasy prosperity of that reign, for she died in 1662, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. Elizabeth can boast an inspirational association with literature, for Shakespeare's "Tempest" was performed as part of her wedding festivities, and John Donne wrote her "Epithalamium." The present collection contains two letters addressed to the "Good Doctor," written about a couple of years after her flight from Prague, and they are little gems. "None should have cause to pity me," she writes, "nor myself to complain, had I met with no other exercise of my patience, than the hearing of you deliver (as you call them) the messages of God unto me: which truly I never did, but with delight, and I hope some measure of edification. No doubt then but I shall read yours to Him with pleasure, and I trust by His assistance to whom they are directed, not without profit." There are some letters to her father, James I.; many to her chief diplomatic agent, Sir Thomas Rowe, and to her son, Charles Louis, Elector Palatine; others to Charles II., Prince Rupert, and Speaker Lenthall—the latter a dignified, but pathetic, appeal to the House of Commons (dated August 21, 1645) "to consider my pressing wants, and neither permit them to run on till they be past remedy, nor suffer me to be thereby exposed to dishonour among strangers where I live." After the long, difficult years of exile, it is pleasant to find her writing from London, in 1661: "All goes still verie well heere, the Duchess of Yorke is gone to drinke Tunbridge waters. . . . Yesterday the King and I were at Kensington feasted by the Duke of Ormond who has hired that house for some years, there was verie good companie." Elizabeth herself, indeed, is at all times "verie good companie."

Taking a leap back in history, I am pleased to find so much archaeological evidence, not only for the whole epic of the destruction of Troy, but also for the Cretan Minotaur and his Labyrinth, though I remain a little sceptical about the Dictæan Cave as the birthplace of the god Zeus. It would, however, be unfair to Mr. Leonard Cottrell to represent him as claiming more than that ancient myths have, in a number of instances, proved remarkably reliable guides to the researches of the archaeologist. In his "The Bull of Minos" (Evans Bros.; 16s.) he deals with these myths, with the evidence for a prehistoric Greek civilisation, and with Dr. Evans' discoveries relating to this civilisation in Crete. Here is archaeology made live and interesting, and wholly "to be understood of the people." One could find no better cicerone than Mr. Cottrell to the Palace of the Sea Kings at Knossos, or to the "Burned City" of Troy. He quotes generously from the works of the great archaeologists, such as Hogarth, Petrie, Evans and Breasted, and fully justifies his praise of their vigorous literary style.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's former secretary, Miss Dorothy Collins, has edited a series of his essays under the title of "A Handful of Authors" (Sheed and Ward; 10s. 6d.). There is nothing for it, where Chesterton is concerned, but quotation: on R. L. Stevenson, "he holds the pen decisively as a man holds a sword"; on Oscar Wilde, "like a many-coloured humming-top, he was at once a bewilderment and a balance"; "Lewis Carroll's nonsense was merely mathematical and logical. Edward Lear's nonsense was emotional and poetical"; "Browning is the simplest and most manly of poets in his message and intention. It is only his language that is rough and quaint." And so one might go on, from essay to essay, and almost from page to page, for Chesterton demands to be read aloud, and then to be argued about passionately. The oldest of these pieces first appeared in 1901, and is as fresh to-day as it was when our grandfathers were fighting the

Boers and the old Queen lay dying.

From Chesterton to good food is no very long step, and I want this week to recommend a highly practical little book which contains more delicious recipes than I have seen for many a long day—Salome Andronikov's "Good Food Abroad" (Harvill Press; 10s. 6d.). The point about these delights is that, although they are as exotic as their names—such as Golubtzi or Chakhokhibili—they are all well within the range of materials available to the British housewife, and the author makes everything as plain and easy to understand as a rice pudding.

Somewhat more specialised is Ada Boni's "The Talisman" (W. H. Allen; 15s.), which could almost be described as the "Italian Cookery Omnibus." If you want to make omelettes in the styles of Naples, Tuscany or Sardinia, this is the book for you, and very handy you will find it. Philologically speaking, I can only say that "grilled porgies" have a Scottish, rather than a Latin, flavour, but philologists have no place in the kitchen, and "porgies" probably taste better than they sound! E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

MR. R. W. B. CLARKE, the young mathematician who is working out the ranking list of British chess players I mentioned a week or two ago—he hopes to have a list of eighty-eight names ready by the end of the year—has previously dabbled in study of the potentialities of chess. He claims to have pushed several lines of investigation a stage further. Edwin Anthony, for instance, estimated in 1878 that there were about 318,979,584,000 ways of playing the first four moves on each side, and 169,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000 ways of playing the first ten. Both these figures, according to Mr. Clarke, are a little too large.

On move one, there are twenty choices for White (sixteen pawn moves and four knight moves). Consequently, after one move by White and one move by Black, any one of twenty times twenty, or 400, different positions might have arisen.

Mr. Anthony based his calculations on a well-known book of the openings, observing that at White's second move he had 28 choices, at his third 30, at his fourth 32, and so on. He was thus calculating the number of *reasonably rational* positions, not *possible* positions. He then proceeded to expand the figures proportionately, to "extrapolate," as the mathematicians call it—an operation, I might remark, which has rather a bad name, and justifiably so.

Since the reasonably rational positions must always be outnumbered by the merely possible, how is it that Mr. Anthony's figures are too large, instead of too small? It is not easy to summarise Mr. Clarke's reasoning which, in the MS. he sent me, fills about 23 pages of foolscap typescript; but the biggest single factor seems to be a lessening of the expected choice of move, in the later stages, through the factor of *illegality*.

It is astonishing in how many ways a particular position could *not* have arisen. For instance, take the men out of the box and place each at random on a different square of the board. The odds are heavily on the resulting position being an impossible one. For instance, it is illegal if there are two pawns of the same colour on any one file, for no captures have taken place. Either king may be in an impossible check. There are dozens of more complicated possibilities.

Mr. Clarke took Gallup polls of positions set up at random. Of 200 such positions, 135 had one or both kings illegally in check—*i.e.*, in a check or a double or triple check that could not legally have arisen. That more than two-thirds of a set of random positions should be impossible of attainment in play, on the basis of one type of illegality only, is a big surprise. Moreover, speaking from experience of the difficulty of the task, I should be surprised if Mr. Clarke has spotted every illegality in his positions.

Anyway, he urges us to chop one nought off the bigger figure given by Mr. Anthony, and to be ready to chop another.

This is the number of positions possible after ten moves only on each side. How many different positions are possible in chess at all? Kasner and Newman, in "Mathematics and the Imagination," say "ten to the tenth to the fiftieth." An outrageous figure. Mr. Clarke's estimate, $10^{14,000}$, is microscopic in proportion and even that is inconceivably greater than Eddington's estimate (10^{79}) of the number of electrons in the universe!

FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YEAR: OUR REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.



MR. FRANK DAVIS.
"A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS."



MR. E. D. O'BRIEN.
"BOOKS OF THE DAY."

THIS gallery of our regular contributors is given here for two purposes: first, that our old friends and regular readers may renew their acquaintance with the ten men and one woman with whose words on so many subjects they are already familiar; and, secondly, that the casual reader of this issue may learn what a rich feast of wit, wisdom, curious information, acute criticism and sympathetic judgment is spread each week in *The Illustrated London News* for the

reader, as well as for the scanner of the weekly pictorial coverage of world and home news, art, archaeology and natural history, science and invention—to mention but a few of the paper's facets. Our policy always has been one of strict impartiality, and our concern has been to impart information accurately and graphically, vividly yet with dignity. For many years it has been our custom to give each week one page—Our Note Book page—to a great and balanced man of letters in which he might comment, freely, discursively and personally, on the world as it passes. After the death of the much-loved G. K. Chesterton, his place was taken on this page by the distinguished historian and man of letters, Dr. Arthur Bryant, who rightly takes the premier place [Continued below, left.



MR. BARUCH H. WOOD.
"CHESS NOTES."



MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.
"IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN."

[Continued.] among our contributors. Each week Sir John Squire, critic, poet and essayist, writes an appreciation of a notable newly-published book; each week Captain Cyril Falls, Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, writes on world and military affairs in a manner which has earned him the respect of experts all over the world. "The World of Science" page has [Continued opposite.



CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS.
"A WINDOW ON THE WORLD."



DR. ARTHUR BRYANT.
"OUR NOTE BOOK."

[Continued.] appeared for many years; and since the war it has been contributed with singular distinction by Dr. Maurice Burton, whose special gift it is to bring to bear on ever new problems of natural history the loving enthusiasm of the amateur with the precise knowledge of the expert. Our gardening feature "In an English Garden" is new—dating only from September 1949—but it has already attained a very great [Continued below, centre.



SIR JOHN SQUIRE.
AN APPRECIATION OF THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.



MR. J. C. TREWIN.
"THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE."



MRS. ROMILLY JOHN.
"NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER."

[Continued.] popularity. Its contributor, Mr. Clarence Elliott, V.M.H., is known to all gardeners as collector, explorer, nurseryman and plantsman; and to all who have read his articles as the wisest, wittiest—and sometimes wickedest—of all writers on plants and gardens. Mr. Frank Davis has been writing "A Page for Collectors" for many years, and he covers a remarkably wide field; from the masterpieces of fine art, which are the pride of nations, to the delightful piece that any of us may find with luck—and knowledge. Probably our oldest feature—with the most faithful following—is "Chess Notes," and in this weekly column Mr. Baruch H. Wood discourses with a liveliness which tempts even the chess-ignoramus to read on. Books in general and fiction in

particular are reviewed each week by, respectively, Mr. E. D. O'Brien and "Kay John" (Mrs. Romilly John), whose balance and entertaining comments are worth the attention of every book-lover. The last but by no means least of this distinguished Eleven are Mr. J. C. Trewin and Mr. Alan Dent. Mr. Trewin contributes every week "The World of the Theatre," and Mr. Dent "The World of the Cinema" every fortnight. Both are among the best known of modern critics; and both express opinions lively and acute with wit, style and panache. During Mr. Alan Dent's visit to the U.S.A. his deputy has been Mr. Peter Forster.



MR. ALAN DENT.
"THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA."

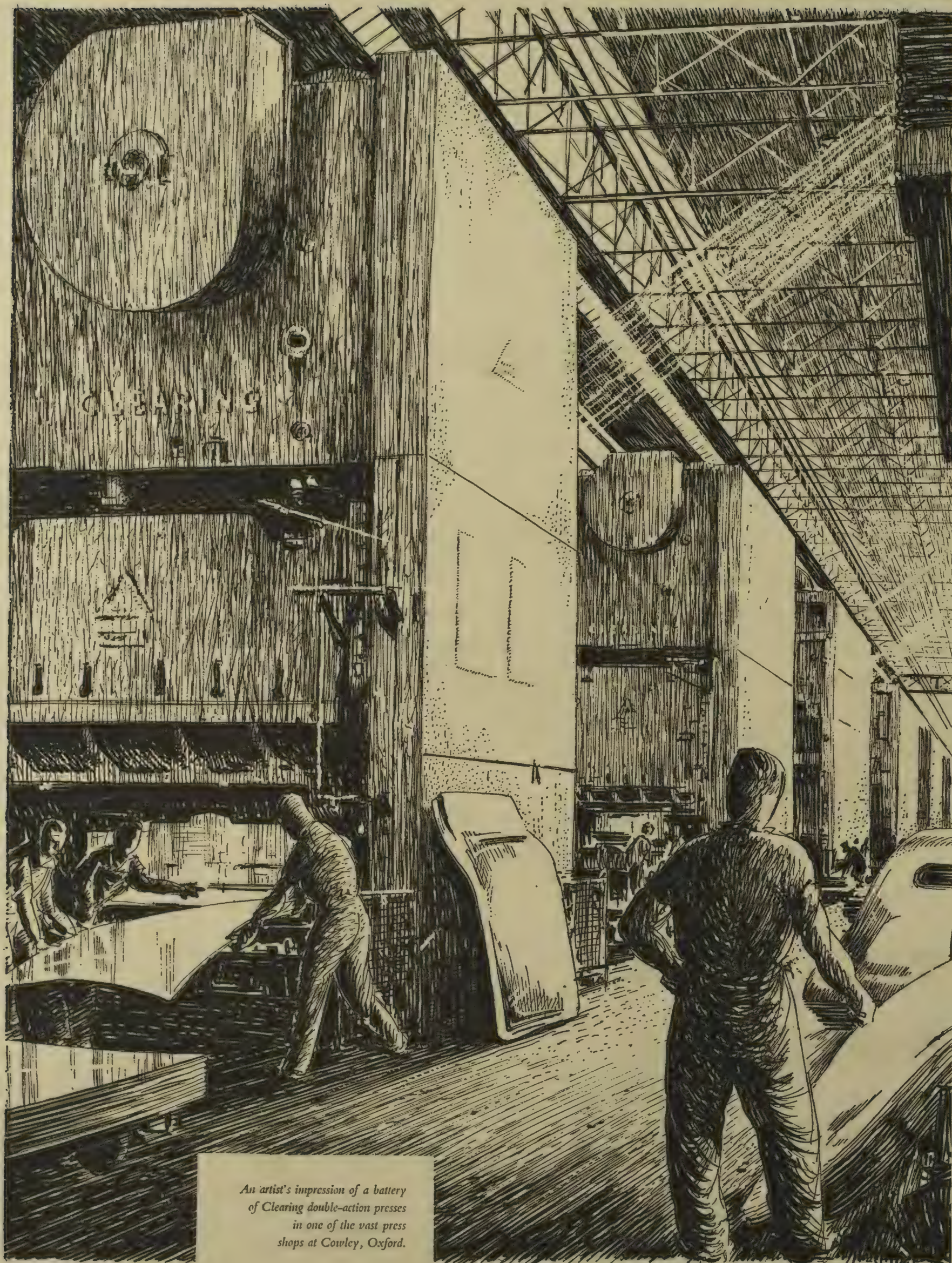


DR. MAURICE BURTON.
"THE WORLD OF SCIENCE."

THE end of the year is a time for looking back—and looking forward. During the past year *The Illustrated London News* has published three special numbers: "Queen Mary In Memoriam Number"; "Coronation Week Double Number"; and "Coronation Ceremony Number," the first at 3s. 6d. and the Coronation Numbers at 4s. These were sent to our annual postal subscribers at no extra charge, and although the demand exceeded the supply no subscriber failed to receive his copies. Hardly a year passes without some event occurring calling for special treatment by *The Illustrated London News*, and in every case the subscriber benefits. Now is the time to avoid disappointment in the future by taking out a yearly subscription to *The Illustrated*

London News. On this page we introduce to new readers our team of contributors who week by week provide a wealth of information on all manner of subjects—they provide the core of each issue, established favourites with the many thousands of our readers at home and abroad. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent to friends overseas or to a business associate, relative or friend at home should be addressed to the Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. The rates appear on our page "In an English Garden" in this issue.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"—THE FINEST PRESENT TO FRIENDS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS.



*An artist's impression of a battery
of Clearing double-action presses
in one of the vast press
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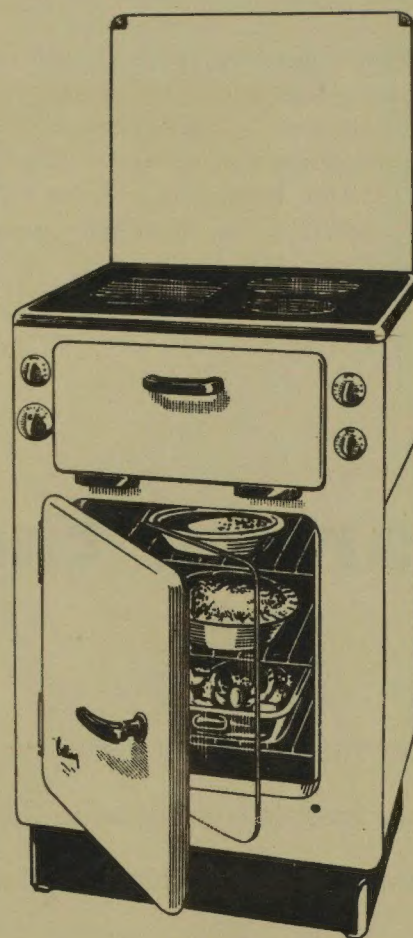

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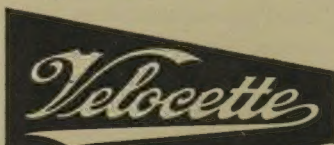
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(From "A Ballad of John Silver," by John Masfield.)

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